



THE

Tatler

A SAROYAN SCRIPT

& Bystander 2s

y 16 Nov. 1960

STRIPES

THAT SCORE



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improves the
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like...

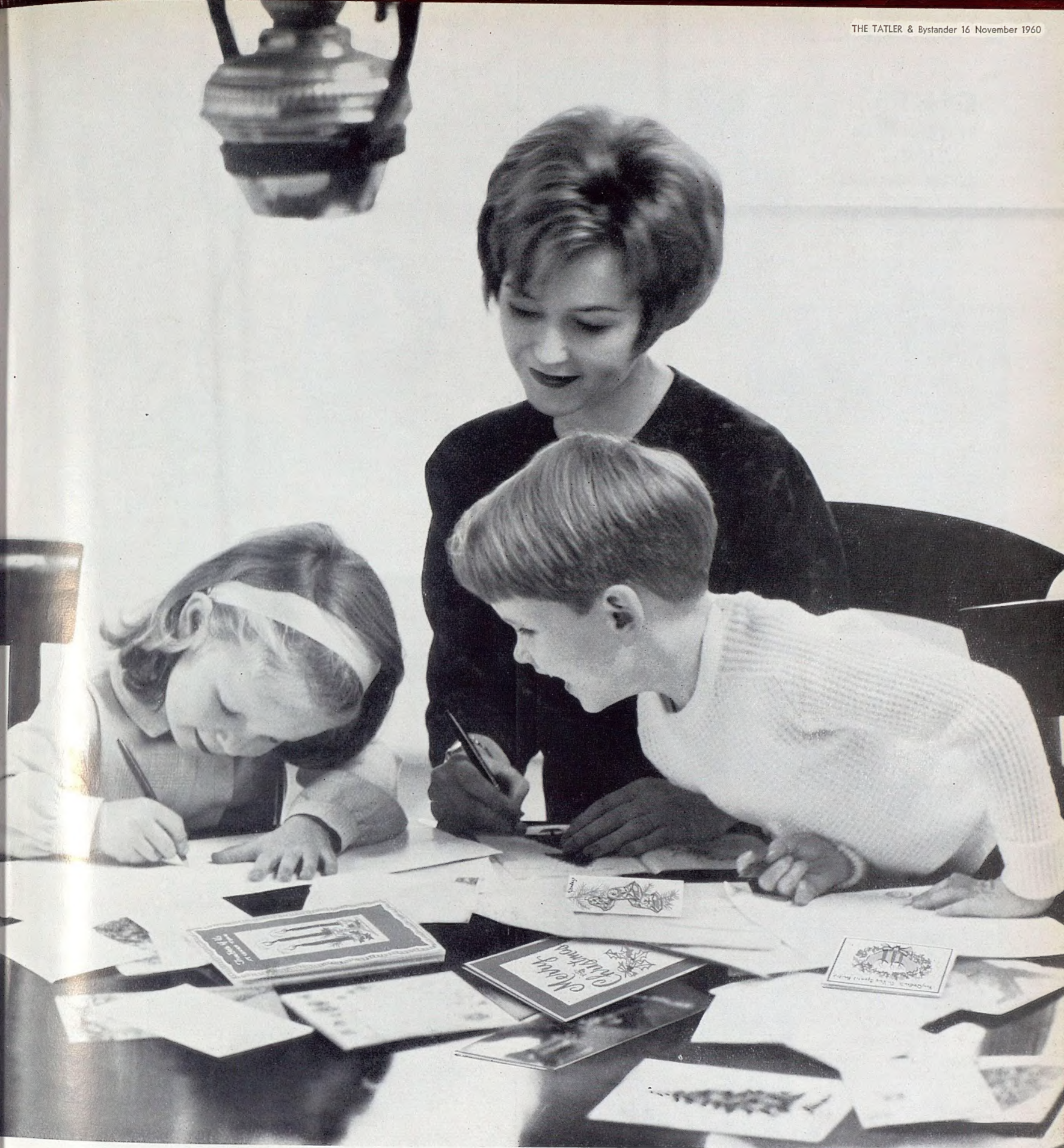


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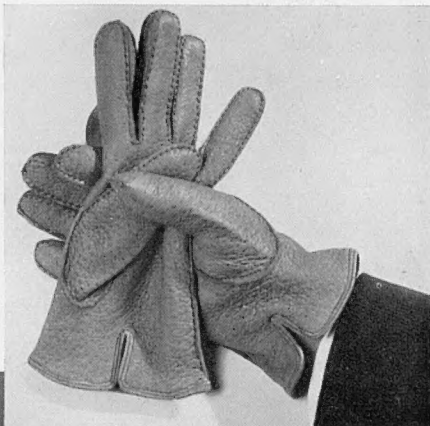
A LOOK FOR HALLMARK AND THE CROWN ON THE BACK OF THE CARD

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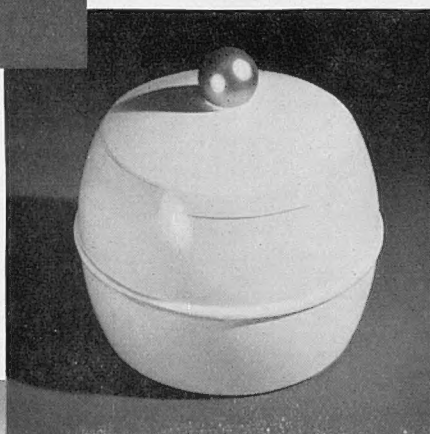
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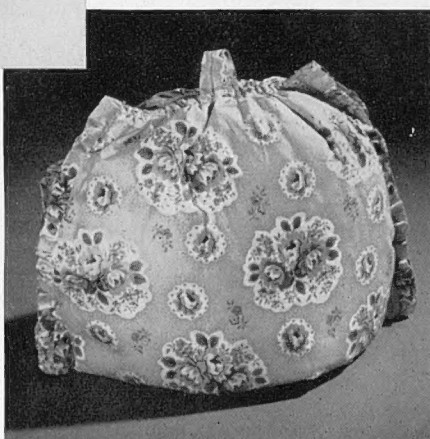
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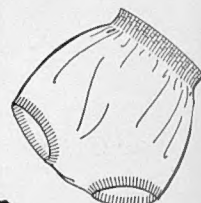
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9/11

10/11

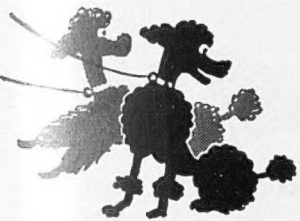
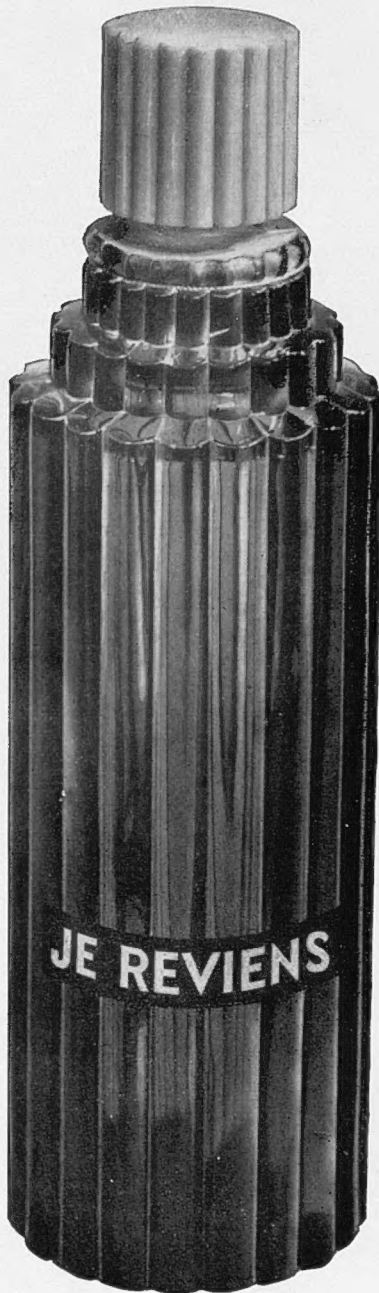
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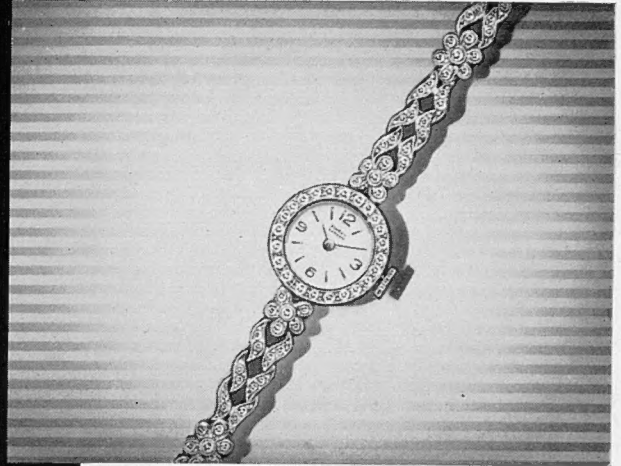
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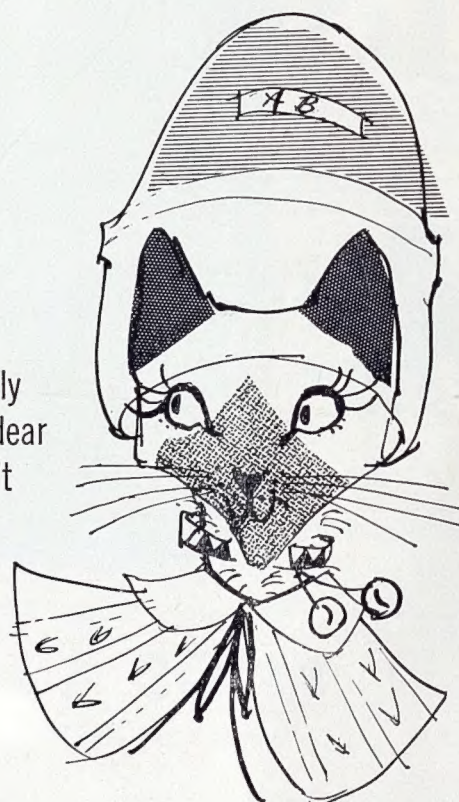
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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

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16 NOVEMBER 1960

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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FRAGILE: HANDLE WITH CARE



For the girl who is brave enough to face a frosty morning with a flourish *Gres of Paris* designed, and ALFREDO DE MOLLI photographed, this burlesque in a sturdy zebra-striped black and white wool, lining the whole thing with this season's inevitable long-haired Mongolian lamb. For more Stripes That Score, turn to page 404

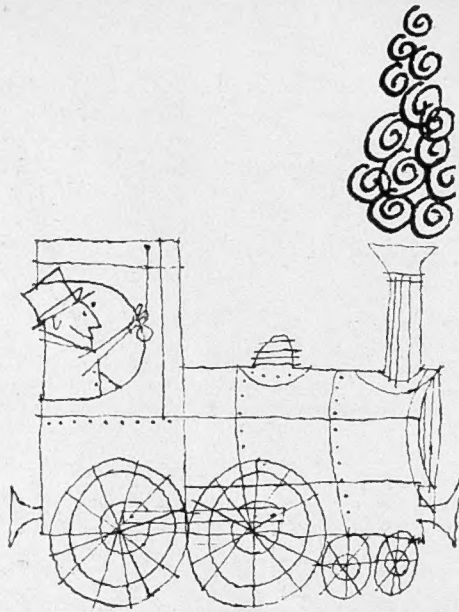
SAROYAN . . . de Cuevas . . . Lord Jessel . . . Bernard Buffet . . . a bit of name-dropping, in fact. There's a lot of names in this issue, as always, and these are some of them. But there's also a bit of expertise in name manipulation. Mark Bence-Jones, who recently had some fresh notions about hunting without actually riding, has been casting a new eye on the pitfalls of name-dropping. The outcome is his article on page 406, *How to drop a name without dropping a brick*. . . . As for the names already dropped, William Saroyan contributes (on page 400) something that only producers usually get to see: how a film idea looks in the earliest draft. He calls this one (which doesn't seem likely to get as far as celluloid) *When in Paris*. . . . de Cuevas? The marquis is portrayed dramatically on page 407 at the *First night of a last ballet*. The company is to dissolve early next year when the run of "Sleeping Beauty" ends, so this première was a big social occasion in Paris. Incidentally, Bernard Buffet and his wife were there, which is how that name comes in. . . . Lord Jessel? His daughter got married at St. James's, Spanish Place, and some pictures of the event are on page 402. . . .

A note about names for a later issue. Muriel Bowen, who reports her social round as usual (page 393 onwards), will shortly be compiling her list of next year's coming-out parties for publication early in the New Year. Every year a few girls are disappointed because their names do not appear in it. The reason is that they are sent in too late for inclusion. To be sure of not being missed out, please write to Miss Bowen in the next few weeks.

Next week: Mark Gerson visits John Betjeman. . . . New touches for Christmas. . . . The castle craze. . . .

P S: The *Daily Mail* has been wooing former *News Chronicle* readers with a series called "The Tastemakers." Perhaps ex-*Chronicle* readers should change to The TATLER. They could have read *The Tastemasters* in our issue of 12 October. . . .

SIRIOL CLARRY



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

English Country Houses by their owners (illustrated lectures). Lady Hyde Parker on Melford Hall, Suffolk, today at 6.15, at Jarvis Hall, R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1, in aid of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

Hunt Balls on 18 November: Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's, at Iscody Park, Whitechurch; Whaddon Chase, at Whaddon Hall; V.W.H. (Crick-

lade), at Officers' Mess, R.A.F. South Cerney.

Dockland Settlements Ball, to be attended by Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones, 21 November, at the Savoy. Tickets: 5 gns. and 1 gn. for Night Club from Mrs. Dolores Selborne, 6 Albion Street, W.2. (AMB 3776.)

Red Cross Ball, 22 November, at the Dorchester. Tickets: £2 17s. 6d. from the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston, 6 Grosvenor

Crescent, S.W.1. (BEL 6833.)
Special Operations Luncheon, 23 November, at the Savoy, in aid of the International French Youth Club in London. Tickets: £2 10s. from Mr. C. Scott-Paton, 24 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI 2019.)

Berkshire County Ball, 25 November, at the Council Chambers, Abingdon, for the Order of St. John in Berkshire. Tickets: 2 gns. from the Hon. Lady Gamage, Springmead, Ascot.

Christmas Party for children, 29 November, 3 to 5.30, at Quaglino's, in aid of refugee families in England and abroad, under the auspices of the Children & Families World Community Chest. Tickets: £1 from the Chairman, 39 Cadogan Place, S.W.1.

SPORT

Race Meetings: Uttoxeter, Wincanton, 17; Doncaster, Sandown Park, 18, 19; Newcastle, 19; Wolverhampton, 21, 22; Haydock Park, Kempton Park, 23, 24 November.

Motoring: R.A.C. International Rally, Blackpool—Brand's Hatch, 21-26 November.

Rugby: South of Scotland v. South Africa, Hawick, 19 November.

Athletics: Edinburgh—Glasgow relay race, 19 November.

Association Football: England v. Wales, Wembley, 23 November.

Angling: Margate Pier Festival, 19, 20 November.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Peter Grimes* (first performance of season), 17 November (also 19, 25 November); *Carmen*, 18, 21, 23 November; *Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci*, 22 November, 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera: *The Marriage Of Figaro*, 17, 19 November; *Tannhäuser*, 18 November; *Cinderella*, 23 November; *Fidelio* (first performance of season), 24 November, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall: London Symphony Orchestra, with Moura Lympany (piano), 8 p.m., 17 November; concert by Benjamin Britten, Norma Procter, Yehudi Menuhin & Peter Pears, 11 p.m., 18 November (for Defence & Aid Fund, S. Africa); London Symphony Orchestra in Viennese music, Mozart, Schubert, Strauss, 8 p.m., 19 November; St. Cecilia's Day Royal Concert, in the presence of the Queen Mother, with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Moiseiwitsch (piano), David Galler (baritone), and trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music, 8 p.m., 22 November. (For Musicians' Benevolent Fund.) (WAT 3191.)

TOMMY STEELE WITH PEGGY MOUNT (of *Ma Larkin*, and "*Sailor, Beware*" fame) in *Oliver Goldsmith's She Stoops To Conquer at the Old Vic*, where both appear for the first time

ART

Sir Matthew Smith Memorial Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, until 11 December.

Lady of Fashion: Heather Firbank (1888-1954) and what she wore between 1908 and 1921. Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7, until 4 December.

Ceylon: a painters' country, works from 5th century until today. South London Art Gallery, S.E.5, to 19 November.

EXHIBITIONS

Cycle & Motor Cycle Show, Earl's Court, to 19 November.

Photographic & TV Exhibition, Royal Albert Hall, 21-25 November.
Radio Hobbies Exhibition, R.H.S. Old Hall, Westminster, 23-26 November.

London Medical Exhibition, R.H.S. New Hall, Westminster, to 18 November.

FESTIVALS

Schubert Festival, Nottingham, to 11 December.

Harrogate Drama Festival, to 19 November.

Shakespeare Season, Stratford-on-Avon, ends 26 November.

FIRST NIGHTS

Theatre Royal, Stratford, E. *Progress To The Park*, tonight.

Royalty Theatre. Antonio with Spanish ballet, 30 November.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 419.

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be. "... vivid picture of day-by-day life in the spieler ... a collection of thumbnail sketches of low life with the saving quality of authenticity ... a play with a few good songs thrown in." Miriam Karlin, Maurice Kaufmann, Bryan Pringle. (Garrick Theatre, TEM 4601.)

This Year, Next Year. "... a conspicuously honest play ... a great deal to enjoy, and the three leading parts are delightfully played." Pamela Brown, Brenda Bruce, Michael Gough. (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 420.

Saturday Night & Sunday Morning. "... honest and earthy ... the central character has guts and an individual attitude to life ... Mr. Finney's remarkable performance dominates the film." Albert Finney, Rachel Roberts, Shirley Anne Field, Bryan Pringle. (Warner Cinema, GER 3423, transferring to Berkeley, MUS 8150, this week.)

The Alamo. "I have fought at the Alamo on several previous occasions. ... Splendidly spectacular—but I find all the carnage hard to take, especially as the outcome is a foregone conclusion." John Wayne, Richard Widmark, Laurence Harvey. (Astoria, GER 5385.)





We
chose
this in
Paris

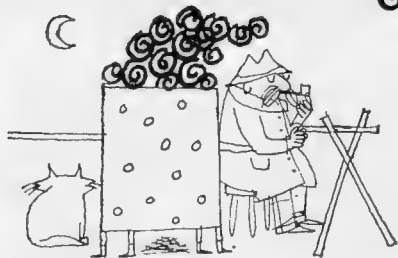


Lanvin Castillo furs are exclusive to

Spectacular as only chinchilla can be . . . this cape—of “Empress” chinchilla—is finished dramatically with an enormous bow tying in front. Just one of the superb collection of Lanvin Castillo furs—the whole collection exclusive to Debenhams.

Photographed by Peter Clark specially for Debenhams at the Chateau de Point St. Pierre, Eure, France, by kind permission of Madame Claude Descamps, whose lovely home it is.





Douglas Sutherland



The newly-married Baron & Baroness van Pallandt, better known as Nina & Frederik, are in cabaret at the Savoy

THE TAXI THAT TOOK ME FROM THE Savoy to Siegi Sessler's club in Charles Street followed a well-worn path that's trodden by a good many Americans at this time of year. In fact the American membership at Siegi's runs into thousands—probably higher than at any club in the West End. For visitors it's an excellent late-night spot at which to re-orientate a digestion disturbed by the exigencies of overnight travel by transatlantic jet. Siegi himself was just recovering from a whirlwind tour of the lush New York nightspots and he returned to London in time to welcome a flock of American celebrities that included John Wayne, Judy Garland, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster and John Ireland all within 24 hours.

Apart from Siegi and each other,

they came, of course, to see the menu, surely one of the richest and best-balanced in Mayfair. The touch of home is supplied by items like Siegi's Steak Diane à la Jack and Charlie's 21 Club, New York (a speciality among specialities), and a superb Vichyssoise, similarly dedicated. V.I.P.s, of course, may not look at the prices, but I did, and here are a few at random: *Caviar de Beluga*, 35s.; *Boeuf Stroganoff*, 16s.; *lobster thermidor*, 15s. 6d.; and *entrecôte bordelaise*, 21s. Expensive? Of course, but no more so than other restaurants where the cuisine cannot begin to compare with Siegi's.

I can't put the wine-list above criticism (it's the price I grumble about), but then I think all London wine-lists are too highly-priced. For champagne-drinkers, however, the dry Bollinger '53 makes one forgive all, even though it does cost 70s. And, anyway, after dinner at Siegi's it is no longer a question of forgiveness—only of gratitude.

From Siegi's to the Mirabelle where I sat down with Erwin Schleyen, who probably knows more V.I.P.s—American or otherwise—than any other London restaurateur. After talks with waiters and a discussion with the chef, he devised the following four-course meal for a hungry V.I.P. *Brochette des Langoustines grille au beurre fondu*, 14s. 6d.; *Tortue des Iles au Xeres*, 7s. 6d.; *Perdreau rotie, salade cressau*, 30s.; and fruit, 5s. 6d. With these, he recommended a Puligny Monbrachet '55, 45s., and an Ausone '49, chateau-bottled, at 75s.

I am bound to say that Mr. Schleyen's selection did not appear exactly as written on the Mirabelle's menu, but then that establishment prides itself on the menu being merely a guide to the imagination. Many of his clients spend a blissful half-hour on the phone planning a meal a day or two ahead.

The Mirabelle's execution of its

menu is one that is envied the world over; it is one of the few London restaurants that dares to show the French how to cook—witness the Mirabelle week at Maxim's of Paris mentioned in colleague John Baker White's adjoining column. Shortly, Mr. Schleyen told me he plans to invade Monte Carlo, too. The man has courage. . . .



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

Munich beer to match the Eastern dishes, also *saki*. W.B.

Seven Stars, Corner House, Coventry Street. A travelled American friend considers this restaurant about the best value for money anywhere. Its line is high quality plain English cooking. A large plate of roast beef, cut from the joint, with horse-radish sauce, creamed baked potato, and a mixed salad costs 8s. 3d. Other prices are equally moderate. Wines include a good claret and a pleasant dry white Graves at 19s. per bottle. The surroundings are pleasant, the service swift. Tables not booked.

The man at Maxim's

I have always regarded it as something of an honour to be invited to dine at Maxim's in Paris. It is a far greater honour to be invited to cook there. From 7 to 12 November the head chef of London's Mirabelle restaurant, John Dross, and eight members of the staff cooked at Maxim's in the *Semaine Anglaise*. I am delighted to know that they took with them Scotch beef, oysters, smoked salmon, grouse, partridges, hares and game pâté. This is the second visit, the first being in 1957. As part of the *semaine* Garrards staged a fine display of antique silver.

BRIGGS by Graham





WITH CHRISTMAS IN MIND

BREAKFAST-IN-BED SET of fluted bone china by Foley includes a covered plate for hot food. In delicate pastel shades of pink, blue, lemon or green with gold-trimmed knobs and handles. £12.7.6. The heat-resistant tray is available in pink, blue, white, green, lemon yellow or black, all edged with white. £2.11.6.

Gift Department, Lower Ground Floor

Fortnum & Mason

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FRENCH FIREPROOF CHINA by Pilivite in a new Game Bird design . . . yours alone. This china withstands direct heat and retains heat longer than ordinary china. Designs are available showing wild birds and also fruit, and there are many shapes and sizes other than those illustrated. Prices range from £4.10.0 for the largest size of oval meat dish (shown in the background at the right) to 6/9 for one of the little scallop shells.

Kitchen Equipment, Third Floor



Boom-town Beirut

As more people travel farther distances at faster speeds, one tends to divide the new pastures into two categories—the hideouts and the meccas. Beirut belongs to the second. Far from being spoiled in the next few years by an influx of visitors, it can only improve. This city is equipped for crowds and pleasure, and as new hotels go up and air fares (let's hope) come down, it will take its place among the top international resorts.

Completed last December, the spectacular Casino facing the diamond-lighted Bay of Junieh glitters inside as well as out. Its patrons answer to the international roll-call of Nassau and Monte Carlo. Beirut's top-flight hotels—the Saint George and the Excelsior—combine un-flashy modernity with dignity and super service. When I arrived, at the ungodly hour of five a.m., some cafés were still alive with late-suppers. For me, it was breakfast—(bacon and eggs, never have I wanted it more) and offered with a smile. One can truthfully say, for once, that this is a city which operates 24 hours out of 24, and the Lebanon a country which offers something 12 months out of 12. For the Lebanese, "out of season" doesn't exist.

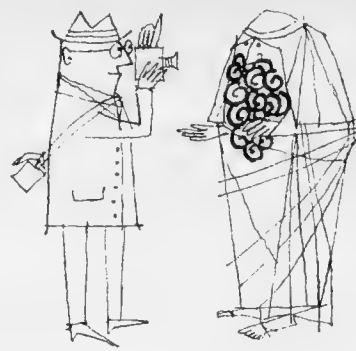
Skiing in the cedars from Christmas to early spring, Baalbeck and the glorious country around Beirut are reasons enough to go there, and I shall write later of these extra-urban pleasures. This week, I want to concentrate on Beirut itself. One of its charms is a patina of flavour laid on by succeeding civilizations. During this century alone, it has been under Turkish rule followed until 1943 by French, to an ultimate—and prosperous—independence.

It is the City of the Big Fix and free currency, coexistent mules and Cadillacs, driving that knows no laws except those of survival, and a faint but heady whiff of vice. Its curious glamour reminded me in many ways of Tangier, but one would search in vain for similar white-walled *souks*. They were cleared away by the last of a series of zealous Turkish governors who cannot, way back in 1914, have been expected to foresee their tourist potential! Nevertheless, what remains of the old city can still fascinate anyone who takes time off to look for it. Oases of flower markets, butchers' shops whose

wares and cleanliness might surprise in their context but ought to reassure even the most queasy. Narrow streets full of antique and junk shops, where the old Oriental custom of offering thick Turkish coffee, iced water and a cigarette as the bargaining warms up, still obtains. This tradition indicates just how long the proprietor *does* expect to negotiate. It shows want of sense as well as finesse to get your purchase quickly wrapped and to go.

One of the most interesting and typical places in the old city is the Ajami restaurant. It straddles an arcade which is also a public thoroughfare, though nobody would dream of driving so much as a donkey through it (some traditions die even harder than our own!). Through dusty side windows, one watches the translucent red mullet being gutted and sealed, and an interesting cone composed of hundreds of slices of mutton revolving slowly and apparently timelessly before a spit. This is a favourite place for a post-Casino supper, but you can choose practically any food you want in Beirut. Lucullus, on the Avenue Française, represents French culinary nostalgia (it is better for lunch than dinner). The much smaller Temporal with its six heavily-booked tables, is also French. Bucarest offers charcoal steaks and Hungarian food, the Espagnol is good for Spanish and Quo Vadis reckoned to be the best of a wide selection of Italian restaurants. You can eat Chinese at the Corniche Mazraa, and typical local food in a beguiling waterside ambience at La Grotte au Pigeons.

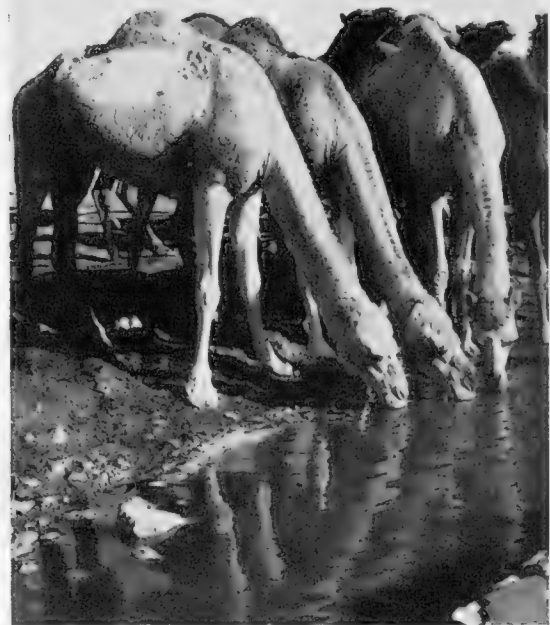
Another pleasure of Beirut is that one can argue Arab-Israeli politics with anyone who happens to be around—and the barmen are delighted to drop everything and join in the debate—at Joe's Bar. Then walk a few paces down the street and plunge into the glossy, international maelstrom of the Caves du Roy, in the basement of the Excelsior Hotel. You've only got to pick your way between the tables of the Caves to realize that this is Beirut's Four Hundred, although, alas, the band is several decibels louder. But not to quibble: its food is first-class, the décor an essay in low-lit medieval. If you like your lights even lower, plus a more Oriental ambience, try El Morocco.



One tends to sleep here during the twilight hours rather than the night itself, but in the hot, copper-blue noonday you can swim with a Martini at your elbow from either the Excelsior (a pool), or the Saint George, with a rockside establishment and water-skiing. Great golden beaches extend to the south of the city, all with beach bars and cafés. Of these, the Riviera is one of the nicest. Wilder, more beauti-

ful but with fewer amenities is the huge Bay of Junieh, half an hour's drive from the city and near the Casino.

Middle East Airlines (an associate of B.O.A.C.) have introduced some Comet flights into what was previously a daily Viscount service. The return fare is £135, tourist, but travel agents are offering some good value two-week holidays in Beirut for about £150, inclusive.

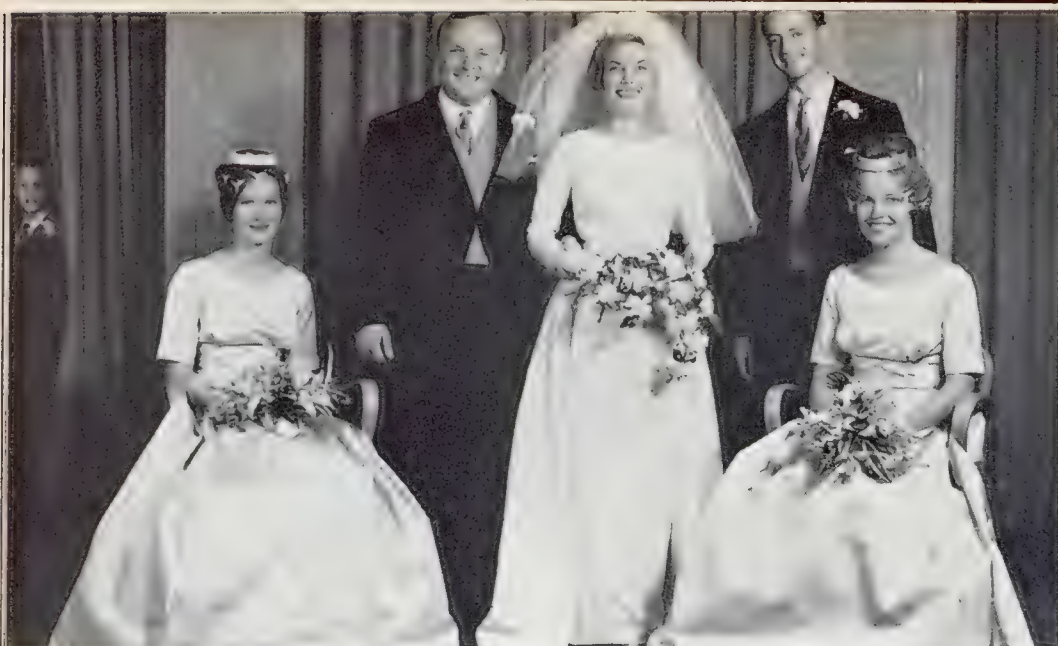


The two faces of Beirut: Camels on the river bank and (below) cabaret time at the Casino du Liban



A Bradley original in natural skunk which made a dramatic reappearance as a high-fashion fur in the 1960/61 Collection of





TOM HUSTLER

Hawkey—Frith: Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Roger Hawkey, Bt., and of Mrs. James Austin, of Barton Friars, Chigwell, was married to William, son of the late Mr. William Frith, and Mme. Frith, of Paget, Bermuda, at the Grosvenor Chapel

Weddings



TOM HUSTLER

Campbell—Brandt: Caroline Margaret, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George William Campbell, of Saltmarsh, Beaulieu, Hampshire, was married to John Mowbray, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Brandt, of Broxham Manor, Edenbridge, Kent, at Beaulieu Abbey Church



Guépin—Abensperg und Traun: Felicia, daughter of Mr. F. A. C. Guépin, and of Mme. Guépin-Stancioff, of Albert Court, S.W.7, was married to Count Ernst Abensperg und Traun, son of Count & Countess Ferdinand Abensperg und Traun, of Vienna, at Brompton Oratory



Lewis—Provan: Rowena Adèle, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew H. S. Lewis, of Netherley House, Kincardine, and of Mrs. E. Lewis, of Stonehaven, was married to James, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Provan, of The Grange, Dumfermline, at St. Devenick's, Bieldside



Nussey—Neill: Valerie, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Reginald V. Nussey, of Ravelston Dykes, Edinburgh, 12, was married to John T. Neill, only son of Mr. & Mrs. John T. Neill, of 11, Lodge, Trinity Road, Edinburgh, 5, at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh

Engagements



FAYER

Miss Joanna Aykroyd to Mr. Christopher Pumphrey. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howard Aykroyd, of Kirkby Overblow, near Harrogate. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Pumphrey, of West Bitchfield, Northumberland



CHRISTOPHER THYNNE

Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson to Mr. Alastair John Alan Bond Gunning. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson, of Carlisle Mansions, S.W.1. He is the elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel & Mrs. J. T. H. Gunning, of Breerton Old Rectory, Sandbach, Cheshire

Miss Jill Barbezat to Mr. David Cornell of Leighton Manor, Cowden, Kent. She is the daughter of the late Flying Officer Charles Lawrence Barbezat, and of Mrs. John Hodgson. He is the son of the late Mr. R. F. O. Cornell, and of Mrs. E. Cornell



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16 NOVEMBER 1960

& Bystander

Royal guests for HALLOWE'EN

The Royal guests were Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Prince William of Gloucester, dancing (below) with Miss Christina Pretyn. He came with a large party of young friends (at the table, below, right). The occasion was the annual Halloxxe'en Ball at the Manchester hotel in aid of the National Children Adoption Association of which Princess Alice is President. She is seen (right) presenting a lucky draw prize to Mrs. G. Plowden, watched by the ball's chairman, Lady Jean Rankin and comedian Bruce Forsyth

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER





Programme seller Miss Jane Goldsmith

Royal guests for HALLOWE'EN CONTINUED



Mrs. Lew Grade in costume as chief witch. She and her husband are committee members

Mr. Georg von Mallinckrodt with Mr. Miles Huntington-Whiteley and his wife, a great-niece of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone

Mr. Anthony de Trafford & Miss Mary O'Sullivan. In background: Mr. Bill Doran



Miss Celia Pilman & Mr Charles Hocter - Duncan





Mr. Auberon Waugh & Lady Frances Eliot



Balloon-selling débutante Miss Jane Raikes

MURIEL BOWEN:

Royal guests at a première

LAST week's première of *Man in the Moon* was a glittering social and financial success. The Queen & Prince Philip were there, the Queen in a beautifully jewelled and embroidered satin gown of palest blue. So were the Duke & Duchess of Gloucester, she in bright tangerine. Flowers and TV lights lit up the theatre foyer and trumpeters of the Household Cavalry in their gold and scarlet tunics greeted the Queen as she took her seat.

The whole evening was a tremendous credit to the work of the chairman, Lady Weeks whose husband, until his recent death, was one of the pillars of King George's fund, the charity which benefited from the performance. A galaxy of well-known faces included Lord Parker of Waddington, the Lord Chief Justice whose wife (in a pretty shade of bright pink and a bracelet that once belonged to Marie Antoinette), was the deputy chairman; Lord & Lady Kindersley, the Hon. Lady Eccles, Sir William & Lady McFadzean (he told me it was his first visit to the cinema for two years), and Mr. Charles Clore.

For almost three hours Mr. Kenneth More kept everybody regaled by his efforts to get into space, but he didn't appear to win any converts to space travel. "All very amusing, but I don't think I would want to go up myself," Lady Wakefield told me. She was there with her daughter, Mrs. Anthony Raynsford. "I just raved about it, it's the best film I've seen for a long time," Miss Zia Foxwell told me. "But go into space, definitely not me—ever." "I'm a great believer in my own fireside," commented the Hon. Lady Gamage. "Until I'd be sure I'd get back to it I wouldn't want to go up." She's busy at the moment organizing the première of *The Three Worlds of Gulliver* which Princess Margaret is to attend at the Odeon, Marble Arch on 30 November.

Still more at *Man in the Moon* were Mrs. Hamish Currie, Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight, Sir Charles & Lady Dunphie, the Hon. Mrs. Drax, and Lt.-Cdr. Peter Troubridge & the Hon. Mrs. Troubridge with their children, Thomas, 5½, who presented the bouquet to the Queen, and Amanda, 3½, busily curtsying to every well dressed woman in sight. It was such a glamorous night that she was kept extraordinarily busy.

Lady Mary Bailey (there with her husband Mr. Adrian Bailey) organized the programme sellers. "I like girls who have done it before as they're much better at not letting people get by," she told me. "But I found the girls I approached terribly willing to have a go, though it's no fun standing there for two hours with a heavy load of books on your arm." The willing slaves included Miss Tess d'Erlanger, Lady Diana Herbert, Miss Diana Sheffield, and Miss Allegra Kent-Taylor.

WIVES AT THE PALACE

Besides being guests, the Queen and Prince Philip have also been hosts lately. They had their first meet-the-people party of the season at

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Anna Dancers; the cabaret was their farewell appearance

Miss Mary Carolina de Iribarren & Mr. Julian Bevan



Miss Dominie Riley-Smith. It was the 14th Hallowe'en Ball



Muriel Bowen CONTINUED

Buckingham Palace. It wasn't the usual luncheon party, but a dinner and—a very notable difference—husbands *and* wives were invited. The Queen sends out invitations to be able to meet informally people who are a success in business, the professions, the arts, sport, and politics. Unless the spouse is also a personality he or she is not normally invited. Husbands come without wives, wives sometimes without husbands.

The Queen has been holding these informal parties now for several years. But I haven't noticed a single other hostess with the courage to make such a sharp departure from tradition in making up her guest list. A pity; it would be a great boost to better conversation.

Mrs. **Pandit**, the Indian High Commissioner, was at last week's dinner party (the Queen and Prince Philip begin their tour of India on 16 January). Others among the 22 guests were **Capt. Simon & Lady Sylvia Combe**, **Lord Ritchie** of Dundee (the head of the Stock Exchange) & **Lady Ritchie**, **Capt. & Mrs. Anthony Kimmins**, **Col. & Mrs. Arthur Young**, **Sir Anthony & Lady Hawke**, and **Mr. & Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin**.

The dinner was in one of the suites of semi-state rooms on the first floor of the Palace. There was no entertainment afterwards, as the Queen and Prince Philip like on these occasions to have an opportunity of chatting with all of their guests. But as always happens after dinner at Buckingham Palace the conversation got round to pictures. The guests are always fascinated by the Queen's collection.

How informally dressed are these parties? Decorations are never worn. It's black tie and more correct for women to come *without* white gloves.

A BOAT FOR SIR BRIAN

Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks, who is the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, had this to say the other day about his place of employment: "The House of Lords is a very keen racing place. There used to be an old doorman there to whom I used to give the odd ten bob to put on a horse, and ten minutes after the race was run he used to come solemnly to me—stiff shirt, gold chain, the whole lot—bow low and say: "*Not in the first three, sir.*"

Sir Brian was talking about his book, generally reckoned to be the mildest of the generals' memoirs, *A Full Life*. It has been doing nicely—sales are always helped by a bit of bad weather, according to the booksellers. So it is only appropriate that the great soak has resulted in a new and bigger boat on the Horrocks moorings.

HOW HOUSES HELP HUNTING

For the Chiddingfold Farmers' Hunt opening meet a field of 180 turned up at Warren Farm, on the outskirts of Guildford. You might think of a farmers' hunt as rather rough and ready; but these days they are among the smartest booted and spurred in the land. Gone are the days when farmers came hunting in ratecatcher on a £50 horse. Today's hunting farmer wears a top hat, possibly a pink coat, and pays £200, if not more, for his horse.

More than half the 180 riders with the Chiddingfold Farmers were children under the age of 16. "Many come from the highly populated semi-rural areas round Guildford and Woking," **Brigadier David Bastin**, a member of the Hunt's Pony Club committee, told me. "Almost every other house round Guildford has a pony in the garden or the garage. Goodness knows how they live, but they do, and many of them come hunting. Not nearly enough boys come out though; when we do get one we welcome him like the lost sinner who does penance. . . ."

It is one of the odd quirks of our civilization that as builders keep taking good hunting land for houses, they do hunting a good turn. Almost overnight these houses send a profusion of small fry into the hunting field. It occurs all over the country wherever big cities have overspill.

Stayers
from
Ascot...

Miss Anne Coleman dancing with
Mr. Charles Davies-Scourfield



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Mr. Anthony Beerbohm and Miss Danae Brook. Miss Brook had a coming-out party last year, and is now modelling



Mr. Gordon Goodhew, whose brother Mr. V. H. Goodhew is Conservative M.P. for St. Albans, with his wife at the tombola

*... and points adjacent,
danced till breakfast
at a Michaelmas
charity ball*



The ball was held at the Wentworth Club to raise funds for the Ascot, Sunninghill and Sunningdale branch of the N.S.P.C.C.



Mr. Norman Hartnell, who has a house in nearby Windsor Forest, and Mrs. S. Tolhurst, one of the organizing committee



Sir Robert Renwick, Bt., & Lady Renwick



Miss Jill Horder-Jones and Mr. J. Duncan



DALMAS

Fourth Frenchman in ten years to win the Nobel Prize for Literature is 73-year-old poet and former diplomat Alexis Saint-Léger Léger who writes under the pen name of Saint-John Perse. His latest poems have been translated into Swedish by U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld. Forerunners to M. Léger—seen at Les Vigneaux, his villa on the Côte d'Azur—were Roger Martin de Gard, François Mauriac & Albert Camus

Nobel Number Four

. . . Now is the time for all good women to come to the aid of the party . . .

A by-election month memo

from Eric Walmsley

WITH so many by-elections at present pending there can hardly be a part of Britain where ladies, inspired by the beloved cause, are not at this very moment stocking larders with cold joints, tins and ready-made ten-hour stews in preparation for the clarion call to service. For three long weeks, as they see it, their home life is disrupted utterly; and it is therefore with the desperate air of those anticipating siege that the grim domestic arrangements are set in train, husbands pacified and the weekly spirits order doubled.

Meanwhile the political contacts have been made and the place and time of the first appointment noted. Yet much remains to be done. There is, for instance, the question of *coiffure*—and here the individual must be prepared to subordinate the demands of artistry to the requirements of the chosen party: for the Socialists, a simple, even Puritan, austerity; for the Liberals, a challenge with undertones of regret for things past; and for the Conservatives, a hint of good living without undue ostentation. In all cases artificiality should be avoided, the emphasis being always on the patently sincere rather than the flashily attractive. To these ends provincial hairdressers, with their greater pliability, may temporarily be referred to their London colleagues; and if the provincial's ravages appear, at first sight, to be too dreadful for human endurance, there may be comfort in the reflection that a vote from a convert counts two in the final reckoning.

Clothes, too, will need careful consideration, for there is nothing more jarring than to find Conservatives in hand-woven tweeds, Hartnelled Labour-Co-operators, or beatnik Liberals. Whatever one's personal feelings may be about the party's public image, the facts remain that it exists and that it is unprofitable to deviate from it. At the same time extremes should be avoided, for nothing antagonizes the uncommitted more quickly than caricature; and for this reason the use of plastic mackintoshes in inclement weather should be confined to supporters of candidates to the right of centre. As a general rule simple lines are best, though at evening meetings a certain liberty (rather than licence) is permissible over hats. Regard should, however, be paid to the nature of the duties that are likely to be performed. Thus twinsets are in order for teamakers, but not for chairmen; and stiletto heels, which might pass unnoticed on introductory speakers, cheer-leaders and sectional organizers, are wholly out of place on canvassers and literature-deliverers (who have to walk) and on secretarial helpers, who will be likely to find the gaps between the office floorboards both inconvenient and menacing.

Eventually the opening day of the campaign arrives and promptly at 9 a.m. the well-intentioned helper reports for duty. It is as well that she should know what to expect—for this is no mere general election, but a *by-election* where all the resources of party, press and publicity will be concentrated in one small area until the final "*Why I lost*" interviews are over and the refuse collectors have swept away the litter from the town hall steps. Thus journalists from national newspapers will actually attend the morning press conference and may even ask questions. Residents from other districts with time on their hands and notes in their greatcoat pockets will emerge to heckle open-air speakers. Cranks with messages or grievances will appear bearing banners.

Cameramen will flash bulbs, and television commentators will sign autographs. In the evening helpers will arrive in motor coaches from neighbouring constituencies and remain until shortly after closing time. Throughout the 14-hour working day the district will swarm with men, women and machines—not all of them necessarily presentable.

Thus the scene at headquarters at the moment of arrival will initially bewilder and confuse—for though the candidate is believed to be stuck in a traffic jam and the agent has not yet finished his breakfast, helpers are everywhere tramping up and down stairs, peering into cupboards, tripping over piles of party literature and sipping watery tea out of cracked cups. Everyone will seem to know everyone else intimately and all will be talking at once. The din will be indescribable. And then suddenly above it all, like the wail of a war-time siren, will come a piercing "*Cooee!*"—and over in the far corner a hand will wave furiously and go on waving until the newcomer realizes that here indeed is her own road warden welcoming her into the heart of the party's activities.

Pressing through the crush, she will move over and join her, to be greeted with enthusiasm, introduced to the immediate circle, made to sign her name and address in a book and, as the ultimate reward, given tea. A moment later the conversation will be once more in full swing. Beginning with the wickedness of the Opposition, it will move by inevitable stages to the incompetence of the agent, the extraordinary recent behaviour of the Youth Movement, the reactionary outlook of the male-dominated executive, the unpleasing appearance and strange speaking style of the candidate, the deplorable lack of fashion-sense of the candidate's wife and, finally, the unsatisfactory way in which the pair of them are bringing up their children.

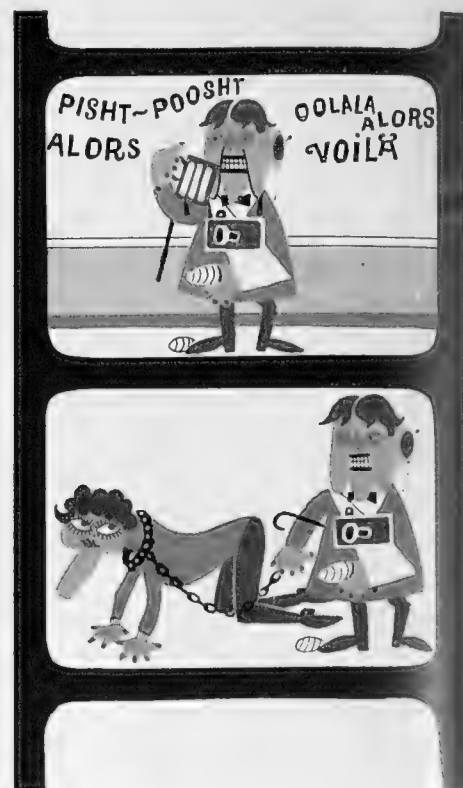
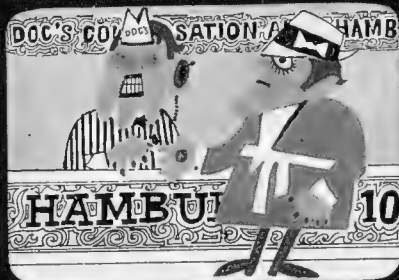
All this will take time; and the sudden realization that the room has emptied and the agent gone will be followed by the reminder that there is a tea-room up the road where the coffee is known to be drinkable. This having been proved to be true, a return to the office at 12.15 will find the agent at his lunch and the building uninhabited except for one old lady in beads who has no knowledge of what is going on (nor of what is likely to happen in the foreseeable future). The party will therefore adjourn to the tea-room for their own lunch, to report again for duty at 2.45, when the agent will be found to have gone out. However there are envelopes waiting to be addressed; and this task will occupy them until half past three, when afternoon tea will be taken up the road. Then at 5.30, with the first outside helpers beginning to arrive and the office again becoming unpleasantly overcrowded, there will be general agreement that the time has come to hand over to others. Duty has been done; and after cocktails and a quick rubber of bridge at the residence of one of the group, it will be a hoarse and weary party worker who is welcomed by her own family around half past eight.

So the day will pass; and when the campaign is over and the final result known, a letter of thanks personally signed by the candidate will emphasize that, in politics at any rate, voluntary effort does not go unappreciated. And that, as many will be quick to point out, does make everything so very worth while.

As, of course, it is.

WHEN IN PARIS

An
idea for a movie
by
**WILLIAM
SAROYAN**



"**D**OCTOR" Hector Bliss is an old man from Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who looks and acts like W. C. Fields, because, as he said, "I never knew anybody I'd rather be." For half a century he owned and operated "Doc's Conversation & Hamburger Parlour" and was twice visited by famous people: Earl Stanton, a bit-player in movies, who asked for two nickels for a dime, and Martha Beeler, Ed Beeler's unfaithful wife, who wanted a glass of water into which to drop two Alka-Seltzers.

Doc never forgot them.

"Stanton killed himself a week after I gave him change, and ten years after I served Mrs. Beeler Ed killed her, and was acquitted on the grounds that it was unpremeditated."

After fifty years of conversation and hamburgers, Doc sold out to a grand-niece who turned the place into a poolroom, with a horse book in the back, and Doc went to Paris with his great-grandson Errol, to find out if it's true what they say about the place.

Doc is standing at the bar, sipping beer, at a place called Le Fishy, not far from the Sorbonne. He wears a Kodak, a hearing aid with a gear-shift, a loose wig, false teeth, and the big toe of his right foot, bandaged, sticks out of a cut in his shoe. His left arm is in a sling, and the index finger of his left hand is also bandaged. He carries a cane in which he claims there is a rapier. He talks all the time and smiles a great deal, but without any real humour, with something close to sorrow and regret, in fact.

All through his talk are such words and expressions as *oolala*, *voila*, *alors*, *pisht-pooisht*, which he imagines suggest that he knows French, which he doesn't. He barely knows English, but then of course you don't need to know very much in order to be able to talk steadily for almost eighty years.

Doc's great-grandson, Errol, waits on the old man, who sometimes treats him like a dog, but Errol doesn't mind because nobody else ever took him to Paris, nobody else ever even *suggested* it, and also because the old man "is a whole show all by himself," and, finally, because whatever's left of his fortune when he dies is to be inherited by Errol. Errol wants to be a famous abstract painter, or a famous concrete millionaire, or a famous faith-healer. He wants to do good, to bring happiness into the lives of the less fortunate all over the world, excluding Red China, "because they made their bed and they can unmake it."

It's early afternoon of the day after Christmas and nobody else is in Le Fishy: just the waiter, his wife, Doc and Errol.

Doc is chatting in English with the waiter who can't understand a word and consequently must listen intently in order to justify his head-nodding.

"After the first world war I made up my mind to see Paris some day because a lot of my best friends were killed in the war and life is too short. I volunteered when they sank the *Lusitania* but they turned me away for punctured ear-drums, but *c'est la guerre*."

All of a sudden young students, slobos, beatniks, beardedos, weirdos, and their girls and women come into the place, and crowd around Doc and Errol. The waiter and his wife go into action. The talk is swift, joyous, and wild, and Doc can't get a word in edgewise. His exposed toe is bumped twice and almost stepped upon five or six times. He is questioned about his bandaged index finger and replies, "*Oolala, accidente, avec*—is that right, Errol? look it up in the book, *avec* means *with*, doesn't it?—*accidente avec*—what's the word for Osterizer?" Errol tells him there is no French equivalent for it, so Doc whirls his right index finger around: "Osterizer, Osterizer, whirl, whirl." The student sips coffee and goes away.

A woman gets right in front of Doc and orders a glass of wine, for which she tries to pay with a lottery ticket that cost 1,750 francs. The waiter refuses, there is a big argument, Doc insists on acting as pacifier.

"Will somebody please be good enough to step forward and let me know in plain English what seems to be the trouble here?"

A Chinese student acts as interpreter, whereupon the woman offers to sell the lottery ticket to Doc for only 1,000 francs, forfeiting the 750, and giving him a chance to win as much as 50,000,000 francs.

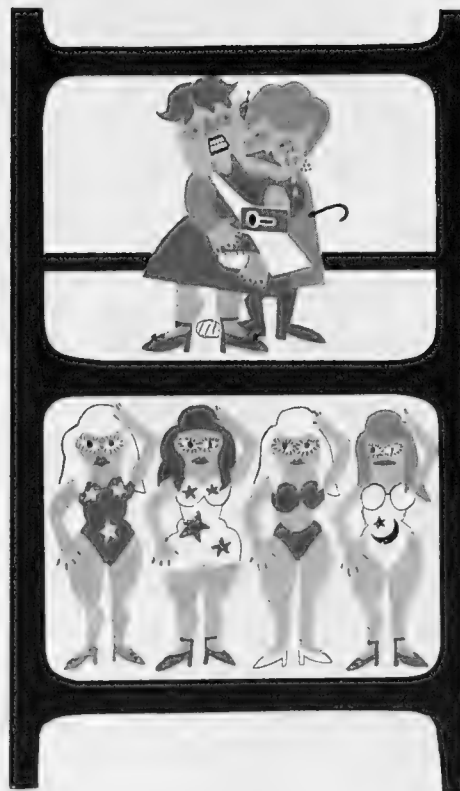
"I'll be only too glad to pay for the wine, please inform the lady, but I'm afraid I can't purchase the lottery ticket, even at a reduced price, because I am on a budget. Permit me to introduce my great-grandson, Errol Bliss."

Doc pays for the wine, he and the woman become friendly in a kind of speechless way, she holds out her empty glass, Doc gestures for the waiter to pour again, Errol says, "But great-grandfather, what about the budget?"

"You keep out of this, Errol. A little wine never did a handsome woman any harm."

"You're not thinking of *marrying* her, are you, great-grandpa?"

"A little more form, if you don't mind. Great grandfather will do much more effectively, I believe."



Doc and Errol go off with the woman, who shows them her very small flat, and one of her daughters, who is so beautiful Errol yelps when he sees her.

"Great-grandfather, let's just forget all about the budget. When in Paris do like they do. You marry the mother and I'll marry the daughter."

"This woman may not be a widow. Look it up in the book and find out the word for widow."

The woman is a widow. Doc offers to marry her, but she says it won't be necessary. He can have all he wants of her just so he's thoughtful, considerate, and generous in matters of money.

"Yes, dear lady. I am."

And the woman assures Errol the same holds for him with respect to her daughter, or for that matter any of her daughters.

Doc buys the lottery ticket for 2,000 francs instead of 1,750, just to let the woman know he's a sport, and the daughter sells another one for the same price to Errol.

Doc and his great-grandson go home an hour later with ten lottery tickets each, and the following Thursday they discover from the columns of the Herald-Tribune that one of the tickets has won 50 million francs.

"I knew the lady was absolutely trustworthy," Doc says.

"Fifty million?" Errol says. "There must be a mistake."

But there isn't. And Doc's no fool. He finds out how to get the full amount in a way that will not be known to anybody who might be in touch with the Tax Collector. He finds the Chinese student who knows English and offers him 500,000 francs, or \$1,000, whichever is the most, to collect the money for him. The Chinese student does so.

Doc and Errol examine the money, in crisp, brand new French notes, and discuss how they are going to use it.

Errol wants to start a hospital in London. "In Mayfair, where the rich people are, because they're awfully misunderstood."

But the old man says they are going to *think about* how to use the money for a long time. They keep their wealth a secret, but every afternoon they visit the widow and one or two of her daughters, for tea and conversation, or at any rate laughter and giggles, and they pay for all favours with generosity.

One afternoon the widow weeps and says she is pregnant.

"Who did it?" Doc says, outraged.

"You did," the woman says.

"When?" Doc says.

"Have you forgotten?"

Doc is bullied into believing that he *is* the responsible party, which pleases him enormously, but he is dumbfounded when the widow says she needs 150,000 francs in order to have the pregnancy stopped. Doc tells her no, no, he'll do the right thing, they'll bring up that little child together.

"You have money?" the widow asks.

Doc is cagey, but he makes known that he has enough money for all practical purposes.

"What about Errol?"

He, also.

Then, Doc will marry the widow, and Errol will marry one of her daughters?

Doc and Errol decide, "Why not?"

They move into a new apartment with twelve bedrooms, and one by one more of the widow's daughters arrive. Every night the widow and her favourite daughter take Doc and Errol to a movie and then to a nightclub. Back home the other daughters are visited by many admirers, all looking for wives. Everybody prospers. But after nine months the widow has not given birth to her child.

"I take twelve months," she says. "I took twelve months for every one of my daughters."

"How long did you take for your sons?" Doc wants to know.

"I had only one son, and I took thirteen months for him, he was very big."

One of her daughters has a son and the widow asks Errol to admire his child, but Errol says, "Yeah but I married Annette. This is Patricia's son."

"No, no, my boy," the widow says, "it is *yours* and Annette's, believe me." Errol talks the matter over with Doc and they agree it's all right for Errol to be the boy's father.

One afternoon when they come back from a walk they find the whole apartment empty of furniture, and everybody gone, including the widow, the daughter, and the boy.

"I don't understand the French," Errol says.

"What is there to understand?" Doc says. "They *enjoy* life, that's all."

They study maps and decide to travel some more.

LOVE & LATIN — ingredients for two weddings

The Spanish Ambassador & the Marquesa de Santa Cruz

Miss J. Wright, Lady Frances Curzon & Miss M. MacKay

A Spanish bridegroom

for the Hon. Camilla

Jessel, daughter of

Lord Jessel, who was

married to Don Juan

Carlos del Prado

Ruspoli, son of the

Marqués & Marquesa

de Acapulco at St.

James's Church,

Spanish Place



Lord Plunket, Deputy Master of the Queen's Household



The Hon. Tim Jessel & Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart



Don Jaime del Prado Ruspoli & Senorita B. del Prado



The Marchioness of Londonderry wore a ponyskin coat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

The bride and groom with Mr. Geoffrey Agnew. Miss Jessel's tiara is a Londonderry heirloom, lent by her mother, Lady Helen Walsh



An Argentine

background—she grew

up there—for Miss

Diana Wesley Leach

(opposite) with her

bridegroom Mr. Michael

Smith, the England

rugby player &

cricketer, seen

after their wedding at

Holy Trinity, Brompton

MUD spattered their shining satin dresses when the Hon. Camilla Jessel and Miss Diana Leach were married last week, but the weather had no effect whatsoever on the warmth of bridal smiles. Both brides had an international flavour to their weddings. Miss Jessel starts married life where the rain keeps mainly to the plains—she was married to Don Juan Carlos del Prado Ruspoli, son of the Marqués & Marquesa de Acapulco at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. Miss Leach, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wesley Leach came from Buenos Aires (where the men still court in song) to live in bustling Birmingham as the wife of Mr. Mike (M. J. K.) Smith, the England rugby and cricket cap. Their wedding was at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

The Jessels found Spanish a hurdle when it came to exchanging pleasantries with new-found relations (and all Spaniards have a lot of relations). Then the bride's aunt, the Hon. Gladys Jessel arrived from Rome, and the crisis vanished. Aunt Gladys speaks Spanish like a native.

The Duke & Duchess of Sutherland (they're shortly off in search of sunshine on the new liner, *Oriana*)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER

were at the reception given by Lord Jessel at the Hyatt Park Hotel. So were: Mr. Bryan & Lady Carey Bassett, Mr. Patrick & the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo and their daughter Stephanie, Mr. & Mrs. Robin Jessel, the Earl & Countess of Ilchester, Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, Miss Roberta Kirkwood, Viscount de Priego, Viscount Royston, Miss Penny Ansley, Miss Jennifer Agnew, Lady Frances Curzon, and Mr. Adrian Pryce-Jones.

Miss Leach's wedding reception at the Hurlingham Club was thronged with cricket and rugby players.

Old friends of the Leaches from the Argentine included Mr. & Mrs. John Roberts. But sportsmen predominated. Head and shoulders above the crowd (literally) was Mr. David Marques, who captains the Harlequins. He told me: "Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, the new Lord Mayor who is a member, has invited us to have our annual dinner at the Mansion House."

Despite his prowess at cricket and rugby, the bridegroom, I learnt, is not invincible on the field of sport. His mother-in-law can still beat him at golf.

Muriel Bowen



Top: Cutting the cake at the Hurlingham Club reception
Above: The ceremony at Holy Trinity

Sportsmen David Judd (Oxford University) & Alan Moss (Middlesex)



Irish rugby international Andrew Armstrong-Mulligan & John Clayton



England rugby player Peter Robbins was best man





Now that name-dropping is an institution, almost a vice, it would help name-droppers to sound more convincing if they considered name customs. It would also help one to detect bogus name-droppers, of which, alas, there are many. The eighteenth-century diner-out was on a safe wicket if he made the odd reference to "Mr. Garrick" or "Mr. Walpole"; for in those days everybody was formal; you knew exactly where you stood. Now, it's not enough to know somebody's name or even to know that somebody slightly; you've got to know the right way to refer to him.

Not the least of the privileges that are being taken away from the peerage is the privilege of keeping one's Christian name private. Today, name-droppers talk about the Duke of Omnium as "Henry Omnium." Not long ago, even his wife would have called him by his title: "My own sweetest Omnium." The mother of Lord Carteret, the eighteenth-century politician, who was Countess Granville in her own right and a pretty good battle-axe, would end her letters to her son "*Your affectionate mother, Granville.*" Past Dukes of Omnium



The passing of the nickname is something for which all name-droppers should be grateful. Thirty or forty years ago, one never knew whether somebody might not be known as "Buster"; and even if one did, one hesitated to refer to him as such, for it might have sounded presumptuous; yet if one didn't call him Buster, it seemed that one didn't know him at all. So established were nicknames that this sort of thing appeared in the papers: "Major John George ('Buster') Carruthers." One is glad nicknames are out because it seems a pity to substitute Pongo or Fruity for a good Christian name. Of course, some nicknames sounded dignified, like that of the late Duke of Westminster, Bend Or—though he was, in effect, being called after his grandfather's horse (the horse was named after the coat-of-arms, *azure a bend or*, which the Duke's ancestors unsuccessfully claimed in a medieval lawsuit). The most abominable nicknames were those comic, unfeminine ones that were given to girls. Mrs. Agatha Christie seems partial to them; many of her young female characters have them. In one of her stories there is a girl called Socks. One still finds the odd middle-aged woman with such a name. And there are quite a few Pongos and Busters lurking in the more shadowy corners of club bars; so that the name-dropper must watch out. It doesn't do to say "I saw John Carruthers yesterday" if somebody replies: "You mean *Buster*."

To be known generally by a Christian name only is Fame in Society: Raine, Henrietta. This is the name-dropper's greatest hazard; for it is difficult to gauge exactly who's reached this pinnacle and who's fallen from it. And while "Henry Omnium" may sound as though you don't know him all that well, if you just say "Henry" people mightn't know which Henry you're talking about. Perhaps the best way to get over the difficulty is to mention his wife's name as well. There are several magic combinations of quite ordinary Christian names that spell ducal couples; there are, or were, other equally impressive combinations like Larry and Vivien, Duff and Diana, Harold and Dorothy. But a sly name-dropper might in fact be referring to Mr. Harold and Mrs. Dorothy Bloggs, just as the late Maundy Gregory would talk about having just come from "Number Ten"—without explaining that it was, in fact, 10 Westbourne Park Villas, W.2.

FIRST NIGHT OF A LAST BALLET



In his invalid's chair the ailing Marquis de Cuevas is carried upstairs at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées for the opening performance of his famous ballet company's last presentation before it dissolves in the New Year. The ballet was "Sleeping Beauty," produced for him by Robert Helpmann

FIRST NIGHT



OF A LAST BALLET

Just to start off with the right atmosphere, footmen strew the foyer carpets with rose petals

continued



Full dress turnout in the stalls, with Bettina in the foreground and Mr. & Mrs. Gregory Peck three rows back. Show people attended in force



Miss Vivien Leigh was escorted by Robert Helpmann



Mr. Bernard Buffet and his wife, in Paris for the night



Above: *The Beauty* (Rosella Hightower) sleeps in an imaginative setting, always an ingredient of the appeal of a de Cuevas ballet. Left: Arrival of the wicked fairy Carabosse in a costume straight out of science fiction



After the performance, congratulations for the Marquis from the Begum Aga Khan, and a bouquet of roses



from Miss Hightower. Her role as Princess Aurore has since (owing to illness) been taken by Lyane Dayde

PHOTOGRAPHS: JACQUES BLOT



Mlle. Anouchka von Meks, a friend of the Aga Khan. She joined his Riviera house party this summer



All over till the next night. But an old dancer, now a cleaner, touches the flowers of the maestro's box for luck

LORD KILBRACKEN

Memoirs of a poet

LATELY I came on a slim volume—a *very* slim volume—whose existence I had almost completely forgotten. In its green paper cover, it took me back two decades to the time when I was a poet. There on its modest title page was the indisputable legend:

EVEN FOR AN HOUR

by

John Godley

Ian Grimble

1940

Wilding & Son Ltd.

In its 32 pages were 24 poems by Godley (me) and Grimble (a fellow-undergraduate)—all that we “wished to preserve,” at the ripe age of 20, from our poetic output to date.

By then I had been a poet for the better part of five years, in my own mind anyway. I had decided before I was 16 that I was going to be a writer, and I knew already that poetry was the highest and purest form that a writer's work could take. The necessity of earning a living didn't even occur to me—did it occur to Shelley, for instance?—and I only minded about fame.

My father was rather alarmed when I told him of my ambitions: “If you *must* be a Milton, you had far better be a mute, inglorious one,” he told me, as I remember clearly. This *did* rather discourage me, but I soon got over it, and went ahead with my project, which was to enter an epic for the Hervey English Verse Prize—the ultimate (and only) Etonian award in my field.

The set subject was “*Storm*,” and I was going through something of a storm at the time myself, because I was also interested in being a book-maker (which didn't seem the least bit inconsistent), and my efforts in this direction had unfortunately come to light, when I had more than 100 clients in the school, through the intervention of an over-zealous boys'-maid. I was swiped and had my leave stopped for most of that summer half. This however only gave me more time to work on my masterpiece, which eventually had 116 lines and a high moral tone.

Unbelievably, it won; the prize 16 guineas, was far more than I was ever to receive again for a poetic composition. There was a scene of some irony when the Head Man handed it to me; it was he who had swiped me earlier the same half. I was 16.

I was now indisputably a poet, and went so far as to describe myself as such on my passport. This turned out to be expensive as well as affected, because it debarred me from getting in at students' rates to the operas and concerts at Salzburg and Munich, where I spent those summer holidays. But I probably thought it was worth it. I versified at the drop of a hat, and set my sights on winning the Hervey three years running, which had never been done before.

About this time I fell victim to a literary predator who advertised through a box number that he wished to publish an anthology of the works of unpublished poets. Thousands must have replied, and I was one of them. I met him in shady circumstances in the waiting-room of Windsor Station, bearing with me “*Storm*” and a selection of other mss. He was wearing a camel-hair coat and suède shoes—both the marks of a cad—but he thought my poems excellent and would be very happy to publish them. I had to put up £10, he told me, towards the cost of printing, but I would receive 14 guineas for every 1,000 copies sold. Ten pounds was a perfectly enormous sum, but I knew the book would sell 10,000 copies at least, which would make me an unbelievable fortune. I gave him the cheque in exchange for his beautiful contract.

Needless to say, I never saw him again. When, after many weeks, I wrote to the address on my contract, it eventually transpired that the house in question had been demolished some five years previously. Mr. Camelhair had vanished without trace.

Perhaps this took something out of me, because the following summer, when the Hervey came round again, I wrote a very mawkish piece in the second person singular. The set subject was “*Austria*,” which had just been ravished by Hitler. As the reigning laureate, I

rather took it for granted that I would win again, which is probably why I didn't; the judges announced, to my chagrin and humiliation, that no entry of sufficient merit had been received to justify a prize.

It proved impossible, a year later, to row in the Eight and write poetry; I didn't even enter. On reaching Oxford, however, my muse woke up again, and the results were frequently published in journals such as *Isis* and *The Oxford Magazine*. So were Ian Grimble's, and soon after Dunkirk, when I was in bell-bottoms on Salisbury Plain, Wildings of Shrewsbury came out with our Complete Works which so suddenly confronted me from their forgotten bottom drawer, just the other day.

I didn't think them too bad; at least I'm not ashamed of them. I was, I find, already cynical, as when I wrote (*aet.19*):

*We made, in summer weather,
A daisy chain together;
Its petals, once so sweet,
Lie withered at our feet,
And now no tears nor rain
Can make them live again.*

*But if you want the flowers
Gathered in careless hours
To end a different way,
Then here's my recipe:
For everlasting posies
Use artificial roses.*

And there was a good deal more about the transience of love, youth, beauty.

The last verse of my last poem, written in April, 1940, and enigmatically entitled $x = \sqrt{-y}$, went like this:

*Stop the music's gentle beat
And throw your pen away,
As fear slips down the lampless street,
Hawk-harlot seeking prey.
We see night move with furtive feet
And wait in vain for day.*

I took my own advice, threw my pen away, and girded on my sword. I've been a mute inglorious Milton ever since, just as my father advised me.

R.I.V.P.

It's the season for invitations and styles vary as widely as occasions. But don't bank on the short evening dress to see you through the winter because there's a come-back for just-above-the-ankle lengths while ball dresses again sweep the floor. And for the daring there's always something avant-garde and irresistible that demands a place at the party

Making an entrance, a dress that's bound to attract attention however crowded and important the reception. Pale grey satin enveloping the body is swathed to a high waistline and the brief bodice is encrusted with silver embroidery etched with crystals, beads and pearls. The dress by Roter is worn with Russell & Bromley's silver brocade slippers, Paris House rhinestone tiara and pendant ear-rings, Maxwell Croft's white fox stole. The dress costs about 43 gns. from Anne Gerrard, Bruton Street, W.1; J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Leader's, Leeds. The shoes cost 6 gns. at Russell & Bromley's Bond Street & Knightsbridge branches and the fur stole is from Maxwell Croft, 105 New Bond Street, price: 85 gns.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID OLINS



R.I.V.P.

Here to stay, though not the unquestioned queen it was, the short evening dress is still the most sensible choice for dining-out, theatres and intimate dances. Henri designed this rose-embroidered white satin dress teamed with a satin coat of palest pink. With it go white satin shoes by Charles Jourdan and a rhinestone and pearl necklace by Adrien Mann. The dress and coat cost 48½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1; and York; Jenners, Edinburgh. The shoes cost 9½ gns. from Charles Jourdan at 10 Old Bond Street, W.1



In-between dress that's right for a cocktail party or for dining and dancing later in the evening. Marcel Fenez made it in black nylon organza that will never need ironing in a last-minute frenzy. Boned under-bodice of black lace is mounted on flesh-pink net, a black velvet bow emphasizes the natural waist. It costs 10 gns. from *Galleries Lafayette, W.1*; *Heyworths, Cambridge*; *Hammonds, Hull*. Black satin pumps, 9½ gns. from *Charles Jourdan*, pendant rhinestone ear-rings by *Adrien Mann*. Alongside: For early evening or a quiet dinner, a dress by *Marcus* in stone-coloured silk and wool mixture cloth. The loose flying panel can be worn as a cape. It costs 28 gns. from *Eve Valère, Knightsbridge*; *Murrays, Winchester*; *Penningtons, Spalding*. Off-white satin shoes by *Libby*, 6 gns. at *Russell & Bromley, Bond Street & Knightsbridge*, hat by *Jenny Fischer, 16 Motcomb Street, S.W.1*. *Adrien Mann's* three bead brooches and ear-rings



R.I.V.P.

Simplicity epitomized in a dress (left) by *Henri Gowns* that relies for effect on the beauty of the material, a rich cinnamon brown cut-velvet on a pure silk satin ground. The sash belt is made of the plain satin. It costs 26½ gns. from *Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1*; *Kendal Milne, Manchester*; *McEwens, Perth*. Satin cocktail pumps by *Charles Jourdan* cost 9½ gns., restaurant hat is by *Jenny Fischer*, rhinestone bracelet and ear-rings by *Adrien Mann*. Alongside: Muted colours make high fashion for evenings. *Gina Couture* chose from *Sekers* fabrics this satin striped rayon in Regency stripes of jade green and black for a traditional full-skirted ball dress. The small, natural waistline follows the lead set by *Paris*. The necklace of large baroque pearls with matching ear-rings comes from *Adrien Mann*. The dress costs 25 gns. from *Fenwicks, Bond Street, W.1*; *J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea*; *Jenners, Edinburgh*







R.I.V.P.

Satin shows off under evening lights and looks at its best when left unadorned as (left) in the Frank Usher dress. Emphasis is on the line with the long closely-fitting bodice offset by an inflated skirt tapering to the hem. The colour is molten gold from Seker's range of Duchesse Dogana satins. It costs 24 gns. at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Edith Dennett, Wilm-slow. Gold kid pumps, 9 gns., from Charles Jourdan, rhinestone ear-rings and bracelet by Adrien Mann. Alongside: The long torso line that flatters and minimizes the waist is shown here by Sutin who tops a full skirt of black silk organza with a fitted bodice of re-embroidered French lace picked out with jet. It costs 44 gns. from Cresta Silks, New Bond Street. White satin pumps, 9½ gns. from Charles Jourdan, jet ear-rings and bracelet from Paris House, South Molton Street, W.1



If you're with it and can afford it, here's a tunic top and trousers of white satin completely covered with silver bead fringe that shimmers with every movement. Princess Irene Galitzine of Rome designed it and it costs 150 gns. at the Galitzine Boutique, Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Also in the act, a crystal amulet and hair clips by Paris House



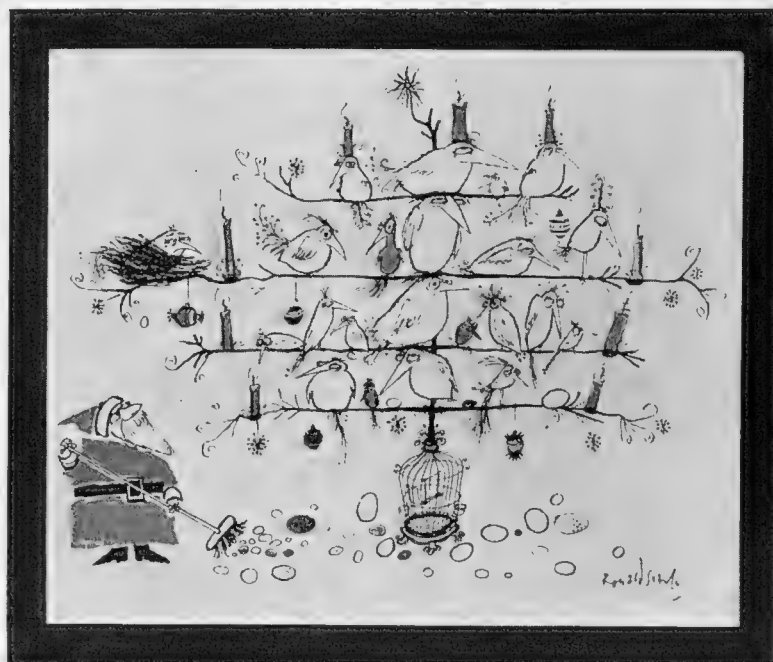
COUNTER SPY *picks cards for causes*

Home For Christmas

VICTORIAN flavour for a card (one of several designs) from the National Fund for Research into Poliomyelitis, Vincent House, Vincent Square, S.W.1. Price: 6s. a packet of six (inc. envelopes)



MADONNA AND CHILD, in blue and white on black (price 4d.) from a range of eight cards sponsored by the Save the Children Fund, inquiries to C.C. Department, 46 Aske House, Fanshawe Street, N.1



BEAT BIRDS establish squatters' rights on a Christmas tree. Caricature by Ronald Searle for the Greater London Fund for the Blind, 2 Wyndham Place, W.1. Price: 9d. each, or with overprinted name and address, 19s. for 25 and upwards

Christmas card brochures are also obtainable from the organizations listed below:

British Empire Cancer Campaign
11 Grosvenor Crescent,
Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.

British Epilepsy Association,
27 Nassau Street, W.1.

British Diabetic Association
152 Harley Street, W.1.

Cripples' Help Society,
(Manchester, Salford & North
West England),
5 Cross Street, Manchester 2.

**Grenfell Association of Great
Britain & Ireland**
(In aid of medical work in
Labrador & Northern
Newfoundland)
Hope House,
Great Peter Street, S.W.1.

**Invalid Children's Aid
Association,**
4 Palace Gate, W.8.

Invalid Tricycle Association,
Rivaz Place, Retreat Place,
Homerton, E.9.

Multiple Sclerosis Society,
10 Stratford Road, W.8.

Muscular Dystrophy Group,
26 Borough High Street, S.E.1.

**Nat. Association for the
Paralysed,**
1 York Street,
Baker Street, W.1.

Nat. Deaf Children's Society,
31 Gloucester Place, W.1.

Nat. Marriage Guidance Council,
58 Queen Anne Street, W.1.

**Nat. Society for Mentally
Handicapped Children,**
125 High Holborn, W.C.2.

**Oxford Committee for Famine
Relief,**
17 Broad Street, Oxford.

Royal Nat. Institute for the Blind,
224 Great Portland Street, W.1.

**Nat. Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Children,**
Victory House,
15 Leicester Square, W.C.2.



RESULT of a design contest last spring in German refugee camps, this full colour card is being sold to help the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons, inquiries to 67a Camden High Street, N.W.1. Price: 6d. each



ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS in red, black and white on blue, one of four designs being sold to help the National Association for Mental Health. Inquiries to Christmas card section, 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1. Price: 4s. 6d. doz., including postage



LOS NINOS, one of many designs for UNICEF. In boxes often (inc. envelopes), price: 7s. 6d. Full details from United Nations Children's Fund, 14/15 Stratford Place, W.1. Cards from UNICEF Sales Centre, Balderton Street, W.1



VERDICTS

The play

Chin-Chin. Wyndham's Theatre. (Celia Johnson, Anthony Quayle, Brian Smith.)

The films

Man In The Moon. Director Basil Dearden. (Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field, Michael Hordern, Charles Gray.)

Portrait In Black. Director Michael Gordon. (Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn, Sandra Dee, John Saxon.)

When A Woman Loves. Director Heino Grosse. (Ineka Arima, Shinobu Arai, Yatsuko Tan-Ami, Masaharu Tanaka.)

The records

The Dave Brubeck Quartet. by the Dave Brubeck Quartet.

The Johnny Smith Quartet.

Sonny Rollins & The Contemporary Leaders.

All Day Long, by Donald Byrd & Frank Foster.

Ellington Hits.

The books

Conversation With Max, by S. N. Behrman. (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.)

Storyboard by John Bowen. (Faber, 15s.)

Doctors Wear Scarlet, by Simon Raven. (Blond, 16s.)

Selected Essays, by Henri de Montherlant. Tr. John Weightman. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s.)

The Hero Observed, by Derek Monsey. (Gollancz, 16s.)

O Rare Hoffnung, (Putnam, 25s.)

Three Players Of A Summer Game, by Tennessee Williams. (Secker & Warburg, 18s.)

The L-Shaped Room, by Lynne Reid Banks. (Chatto & Windus, 16s.)

The galleries

Mural Art Today. Victoria & Albert Museum.

THEATRE

Anthony Cookman

It's hell down the hatch

SOME PEOPLE SAY AUTOMATICALLY as they down a drink in company, **Chin-Chin.** Mr. Willis Hall has taken this trite flippancy as the title of the play he has adapted from the French for Wyndham's, but the play itself—a big success in Paris—is anything but trite or flippant. It is something between a temperance tract—the Demon Rum of Victorian melodrama brought horrifyingly up-to-date—and a wittily expressed denial that two aimless people who are unhappy and come together for comfort can hope to get strength from the partnership. All that happens is that they pull each other down.

The adaptation has the air of being something less than perfect and Mr. Howard Sackler's direction leaves a lot of little questions hanging naggingly in the air. However this may be, the play's 11 scenes set in Mr. Sean Kenny's very Parisian Paris maintain a strong momentum and they are, at all points, an admirable vehicle for finely nuanced acting.

This acting we get from Mr. Anthony Quayle and Miss Celia Johnson. He is Italian and drinks and dreams too much; she is a buttoned-up Englishwoman, buttoned up to the point of psychosis. They meet because his wife has run away with her husband. They hope to find some way of saving the marriages. They do not get far because neither knows what ought to be done. But their persisting unhappiness brings them together again and again and one finds that drink seems to make it easier for her to undo a button or two of her buttoned-up personality.

Eventually they share a house, but without physical love. What

binds the partnership is alcohol. There is no real companionship and into the world in which they have withdrawn there intrudes at moments of quarrelling the memories of the wife and husband they have lost. The more they quarrel, the more they drink, and the more surely the man begins to disintegrate and the woman to sink deeper into degradation.

There is a remarkable scene in which they are seized by a cold fury of self-destruction. They break with friends, relatives, the neighbours, and the industrialist signs his business away. When they have done this they get a transitory feeling of having gained their freedom. The feeling turns out to be wholly illusory. They are no nearer getting on to terms with their problems, and indeed his problems are different from hers, for she has a son whom she once loved but now tries to keep against his will beside her, simply because she needs someone.

This boy is one of several weaknesses in the adaptation. Even his age is not clearly established. He is locked up in a cupboard by the Italian for being rude to his mother; yet he is old enough to seduce the Italian's former wife. All of which helps to blur his meaning as a symbol.

His chief use to the story is to wind it up. When drink has washed away the inhibitions of the woman along with her self-respect and she and the Italian wander along the waterfront, a couple of alcoholic down-&-outs, the mother finds the son lying dead drunk in the gutter. She gaily abstracts the boy's wallet from his pocket, and off they go to the nearest bistro.

It is a bizarre play. There are gaps in the narrative which create momentary perplexity, but each of its many scenes is alive with theatrical wit, and for all its dubieties it leaves an inescapable impression of the separateness of individuals when they turn to each other for comfort in trouble. The symbol of their mutual failure to give each other aid is the need for alcohol, which begins by interposing a rose-coloured haze between the

escapists and the sad realities from which they are trying to escape, and ends by enveloping them in a dark fog of nothingness wherein all sense of human values is lost.

Mr. Quayle wonderfully conveys the aimlessness of a kindly, exuberant, eloquent dreamer whose dreams are so essentially tenuous that he needs drink "to make the colours brighter." Miss Johnson traces with exactness and telling restraint the decline of a seemingly respectable woman, inclined to view life from the point of view of a



IN A LUCID INTERVAL *Cesareo* (Anthony Quayle) talks to *Bobby* (Brian Smith) son of *Pamela* his pseudo-mistress. Below: *Pamela Puffy-Picq* (Celia Johnson) deals competently with yet another of *Cesareo's* hangovers. From *Chin-Chin*



severe practicality, into a degradation which teeters with a defensive grin on the edge of self-annihilation. It is curiously difficult to explain how a play that is so packed with depressing matter should be, in fact, so highly entertaining.

CINEMA

Elspeth Grant

Mr. More swerves out of orbit

MEETING HIM IN REAL LIFE, ONE finds Mr. Kenneth More a blithe spirit who could, one feels, Kiplingesquely meet with triumph and disaster, and treat those two impostors both the same. In *Man In The Moon*, as a guinea-pig at a research centre preoccupied with the cause and cure of the common cold, he is therefore convincingly the one person exposed to all conceivable risks of infection who remains sneeze-&-snuffle-free. While the doctors are worrying about his dejected fellow guinea-pigs, Mr. More, due any minute at an anti-sea-sickness course to which he looks forward with the confidence of one who has never known what Nelson suffered, wonders why they don't try to find out what is *right*

with him instead of what is *wrong* with everybody else.

His own explanation of his immunity is that he doesn't worry—and so is able to resist the assaults of germs, viruses and the opposite sex, the last-named being, in his opinion, the most destructive to a man's well-being. Mr. Michael Hordern—a scientist, married, a martyr to catarrh, and in charge of a team of astronauts destined to invade the moon—sees in Mr. More the ideal specimen for a trial lunar trip. Why waste expensively trained astronauts when Mr. More appears to be naturally indestructible, is available and can, cold-bloodedly, be regarded as expendable?

Mr. More is hi-jacked into the space travel project and survives, far better than the trained men, exposure to extreme heat, extreme cold, extreme pressure and total loss of gravity. He is unaware of the reason for these tests, which he accepts in the spirit of a truly professional guinea-pig, but when he realizes he is to be sent moonwards by rocket he is inclined to opt out. Miss Shirley Anne Field, a blonde strip-teaser, has broken through his

defences and given him his first taste of vulnerability and a desire to stay earthbound.

An enormous cash prize, offered by a newspaper to the first man to set foot on the moon, induces him to go through with the scheme: he has no other means of acquiring enough money to marry Miss Field, set up house and become, poor infatuated fool, a prey to all the ills that flesh is heir to.

The scenes of the preparation for Mr. More's launching into space—impressive gadgets ticking away and scientists huddled together in a state of nerve-twitching anxiety—are extremely well done; the end comes as a bit of an anti-climax—but that, I rather feel, is inevitable, if only because, as the adage has it, what goes up must come down.

The script, by Messrs. Michael Relph and Bryan Forbes, sags here and there, but the film, under Mr. Basil Dearden's direction, is sufficiently felicitous in its digs at such familiar horrors as atomic research and the English summer to keep one amused most of the time. It is not one of Mr. More's best films, but with his happy disposition he can take it in

his stride—and, with mine, so can I.

Two things make *Portrait In Black* memorable: in it, Mr. Anthony Quinn gives the first bad performance I have ever seen from him—and Miss Lana Turner, all squeals, demonstrates that it is possible to learn to drive a car in one uneasy lesson. Otherwise the film is just another eminently forgettable piece of glossy absurdity.

Mr. Quinn, a doctor, is in love with Miss Turner, the wife of one of his rich, bedridden patients, Mr. Lloyd Nolan. Bored with her querulous, exigent husband, Miss Turner urges Mr. Quinn to dispose of him—which he does by means of the old air-bubble-in-the-hypodermic device, subsequently certifying "death from natural causes."

Comes the inevitable anonymous letter, accusing the wife and the doctor of murder. Who could have written it? Miss Turner's tricky chauffeur, Mr. Ray Walston? Her enigmatic Chinese cook—the once wand-like Miss Anna May Wong, now grown wide and matronly? Or the husband's sharpish lawyer, Mr. Richard Basehart, who has long cherished a yen for Miss Turner.

Mr. Quinn plumps for Mr. Basehart as the likeliest suspect and bumps him off in Miss Turner's drawing-room. The body has to be disposed of—and this is where Miss Turner, a strictly chauffeur-driven gal who wouldn't know a gear-box from a gig-lamp, acting on Mr. Quinn's sketchy instructions, drives her car for miles along a cliff-top road in a blinding steam, to fetch Mr. Quinn home after he has sent the late Mr. Basehart hurtling into the sea in his car.

Comes, pat on cue, another anonymous letter. So Mr. Basehart was obviously not the unknown accuser. Mr. Quinn looks wildly around for a new suspect: there will clearly be more work for the undertaker before the film is over. The revelation, throttled out of the chauffeur, that Miss Turner herself was responsible for the letters, brings the story to a height of fatuity rarely achieved by script-writers even in their most antic mood.

The Japanese film, *When A Woman Loves* (or *Waga Ai*, if you prefer), tells, at a snail's pace but with considerable charm, a simple little story: a lovely young woman, Miss Ineko Arima, falls hopelessly (and unaccountably) in love with a middle-aged, married and somewhat alcoholic journalist, Mr. Shin Saburi—and when he sullenly withdraws from Tokyo to a remote mountain retreat, she follows him into the wilderness to care for his creature comforts. That so much beauty and devotion should be lavished on such a boorish fellow is almost more than one can bear—and his death comes as (I speak for myself) quite a relief. The exquisite colour photography and Miss Arima's performance are worth seeing.



IT'S GETTING UNSTUCK that counts in space travel, as Kenneth More finds in *Man In The Moon*. Above left: *The lovely incentive* (Shirley Anne Field). Above, right: *The watery fiasco*. Right: *Misgivings—but too late*

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Dave Brubeck loosens up

FOR MORE YEARS THAN I LIKE TO think, Dave Brubeck has been leading a sedate and slightly stereotyped quartet—safely ensconced in the piano seat, supported by altoist Paul Desmond and rhythm men Gene Wright and Joe Morello. Suddenly last year he made a record without Desmond, importing as guest star an unknown clarinetist, Bill Smith. His work gives a more relaxing atmosphere to the group than Paul Desmond's sharp-toned alto could ever impart, and I have the impression that Dave himself sits back and lets the music flow more freely himself.

At least that is my first impression of *The Riddle* (STFL532), which sounds a so much more integrated group than his 1951 group, which was experimenting in sound (LAE 12114). The latter was issued much earlier this year, and was by-passed in the flurry of more important albums that I wished to review. By any standards, I accept the fact that Brubeck's piano is becoming more loosely, less tight-fisted pounding and aimless chord-bashing being evident in his more recent pieces.

The *Riddle* comes in trying to assess whether the foregoing, and the new quartet, led by guitarist Johnny Smith, really play jazz. The unusual clarity of the recording is achieved by plugging Johnny's electric guitar amplifier directly into the recording console, instead of picking up the sound from the speaker through the studio microphone. It sounds like a cheat to me, but the results, tonally, are much more effective than usual. Whilst I accept that Johnny Smith plays fascinating and even academic guitar, I find his latest album

(LAE12221) difficult to explain in the name of jazz. It shows him as a slick, dexterous performer, his supporters as fine exponents of their instruments, but the total adds up to far less than my assessment of what really counts for jazz.

Sonny Rollins, who is backed by a quartet which features guitar virtuoso Barney Kessel, makes a honking match of his latest album (SCA 5031). The great difference is that he swings all the time, and never impedes his supporters when they decide to do likewise. If you find the Rollins tenor a little harsh and indigestible after the mellow warmth of Webster and Hawkins, be patient, and you will find that his unconventional twists, his disarming frankness in picking on a note and literally blowing the daylight out of it, all fit the shifting pattern of contemporary improvisation as it is interpreted today.

Another tenor player whom I have sought to fathom is Frank Foster, a well established Basie cornerman much featured on *All day long* (32-107). With Donald Byrd to help him out on trumpet, Foster plays an interminable version of the title piece, which makes a nice sound but amounts to very little. Tommy Flanagan's piano work is crisp, and Arthur Taylor's drumming is exceptionally restrained for a session of this type. All but Taylor are from Detroit, where the core of hard-boppers now making the New York scene originated. According to the sleeve they no longer like to be referred to as Detroiters, and consider that they are now completely absorbed into the jazz that emanates from New York.

A nostalgic re-issue from Duke Ellington's unending repertoire closes my notes this week. These are the vocal features which became *Ellington hits* (RCX1055) in the '40's, sung by Herb Jeffries and Ivie Anderson. *I got it bad* and *Don't get around much* are splendid pieces in their own rights, both Duke's writings, and they stem from one of his best periods.



DUKE ELLINGTON, an elder still in his prime, gets top rating with 35 mentions in *Just Jazz* No. 4 (*Souvenir Press*, 21s.) edited by Sinclair Traill and Tatler record critic the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. Contributors include Count Basie, Humphrey Lyttelton, Irving Townsend and Stanley Dance



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BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

The fourth actress captured Max

AS THE LEAVES DRIFT ANKLE-HIGH in the gutters, so do the bookshops start to silt up with the great pre-Christmas flood. Booksellers at this time of year develop a sort of built-in flinch, as of a man about to ward off a smart blow on the head from a toppling pile of bumper annuals. Space being what it is, I am going to cram in as many books as possible this week, with an apology to many that deserve a fuller treatment.

The book of the bunch that no one, I swear, is going to be able to resist, is *Conversation with Max*, by S. N. Behrman, a book of complete joy and a most touching record of visits made, during the last four years of his life, to one of the wittiest, wisest, sanest, most balanced, wholly adorable and timeless Edwardians, Sir Max Beerbohm. It's beautifully written, with a sympathy and courtesy to match Max's own, creating in the easiest style a complete picture of the writing and the caricatures, the background, the people he knew and loved (including no less than four ravishing actresses, three of whom went on tour at the crucial moment; the fourth stayed behind and got him).

The talk itself is so funny that you laugh aloud, in a mixture of astonishment, delight, and thankfulness that the record was made. Beerbohm's devoted aim was to write to amuse as much as one person; there's a great deal to be said for the humility and perfection of this rare point of view.

Mr. Auberon Waugh is already leading the Pick of the Pops, so I feel a touch lonely in finding *The Foxglove Saga* a glumly dispiriting, icy-hearted and somehow extraordinarily aged little squib, written on a sustained high giggle about everyone and everything, monster children included. It seemed to go on for an unforgivably long time as well.

Storyboard by John Bowen is an extremely skilful, intelligent and entertaining novel about an advertising agency and a campaign to launch a "cosmetic" soap. Funny, persuasive, and superbly informed, it does a delicate and controlled dissecting job on a subject that often drives novelists and documentary writers into desperate terms. Mr. Bowen also knows, and convincingly tells, a great deal about people.

Mr. Simon Raven is no end of a puzzle. Though everyone must by now be tired of hearing that there is no doubt he can write, what he chooses to write about seems to me to argue a positively awe-inspiring contempt for both his readers and

his own talent. *Doctors Wear Scarlet* is about vampirism, for heaven's sake, strongly laced with travel interest and the customary rather jazzy sex. An allegory? A joke? Maybe just a nice light read for all the keen witches and warlocks that are believed to abound in the Home Counties. Not, anyway, for me.



POTTERY HORSE of the T'ang period, from John Hadfield's fifth anthology of pictures and quotations, *A Book Of Pleasures* (Vista Books, 28s.)

Henry de Montherlant is a formidable writer not well enough known in England. Weidenfeld & Nicolson are planning, very properly, to correct the situation with a list of translations. You might well start with the *Selected Essays*, translated by John Weightman, which provide a scaring but undeniably powerful picture of a relentless, steely cold, arrogant and apparently wholly self-sufficient personality at work and pleasure, the two activities which Montherlant finds worth his attention.

Briefly... The Hero Observed by Derek Monsey, is a piece of what one might call semi-fiction, about an escaped British prisoner of war in Italy, painful, raw (I don't mean carelessly written), and clearly truthful. . . . *The Diary of Ivy Jacquier* might well irritate you beyond bounds if you do not share my passion for the *Journals of Sensitive Souls*. This one throbs away, full of suffering, duty, and beautiful emotions and feelings almost too fevered to be borne. The thought of possibly ever actually meeting someone like the author makes me want to run a four-minute mile on the spot, but this is not to say the book hasn't a serpentine fascination. . . . *O Rare Hoffnung* is a collection of affectionate tributes to that good man and remarkable card who died, too early, at 34. . . . *Three Players of a Summer Game* is a collection of short stories by Tennessee Williams, who is at his best in tiny concentrated doses, but the tiniest is now beginning to be too much for me, like sitting for a week in a Turkish bath with the steam turned full on. . . . And *The L-Shaped Room* by Lynne Reid Banks is an easy, chatty, rather touching novel about a nice girl who is pregnant, unmarried, and thrown out of home, a sort of middling-rich-woman's *Taste of Honey*.

GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

The men who paint big

WHEN WRITING IN THESE PAGES A few months ago on murals in the home, I was given invaluable help and information by the Society of Mural Painters. So it was with more than usual interest that I went to the Victoria & Albert this week to see the society's exhibition. It was also, I am sorry to have to report, with more than usual disappointment that I came away.

Perhaps by its nature an exhibition of mural art is bound to be a failure, except as a piece of didacticism or advertising. The name mural painting implies in the first place a wall, and in this exhibition there is not a single painting that is directly on or, as it should be, of a wall. In the society's prospectus, "Eyes On The Wall," Mr. Eric Newton writes that a mural "must always be part of a larger whole—something that would look naked if isolated from its context; and also something whose context would look equally naked without it."

At the V & A we have 30 or 40 of these parts, by artists as different from each other as Ivon Hitchens and Edward Bawden, all looking naked for want of context. A few of the exhibits have, in fact, been separated from particular contexts for which they were designed, others are sketches made with particular contexts in

FLORA: plaster mural by Stephen Sykes at the Victoria & Albert



mind, but the majority are simply outside pictures that prove, at best, that the artists can work big.

They express succinctly the dilemma of the would-be muralist—that no one will commission him to decorate a building or a wall until he has proved he can do it, and he cannot prove he can do it until somebody gives him a building or a wall.

The mural artist's fate, then, is largely in the hands of those architects—and there are still far too few of them—with the imagination to see how his work can be used in their buildings. The history of art, particularly during the Renaissance, is rich with the achievements of mural painters rising magnificently to the challenge of great architecture. But without a specific challenge to rise to in our modern architectural renaissance the muralist is working in a vacuum and it is the vacuum-produced works, in particular in the current exhibition, that are likely to provoke disappointment in the disinterested visitor.

For him, too, the overcrowded arrangement of the show will be irritating—it is impossible, for instance, to get back far enough to view as a whole one of John Piper's giant cartoons for the Eton College Chapel windows—but one can appreciate the society's anxiety (and the anxiety of its individual members) to bring as much as possible to the attention of prospective patrons.

In spite of its name the Society of Mural Painters has among its 78 members a large number working in media other than paint. The uses of mosaic, tiles, glass, metal, textiles, tapestry, enamel, plastic, cement and still more materials are all illustrated at this show. In this respect the ideal exhibit is Laurence Scarfe's 6 ft. by 12 ft. oil cartoon for a mosaic, together with a large detail of the finished mosaic in Venetian glass.

Also of special interest is a section devoted to entries for a recent competition to provide a decorative feature for the façade of John Lewis's new building in New Oxford Street. The four exhibited designs suggest that few of our artists at the moment are ready to rise to a challenge of this size. Only Ralph Brown's massive resin and fibre-glass relief succeeds in avoiding the trite and commonplace. There is no indication about who won the competition but if these designs are the finalists there should be no hesitation in choosing Brown's.

After a three months' run in London the exhibition will be taken to centres all over Great Britain for the next two years. By the end of that time, after having been cramped into many spaces far smaller than its present accommodation, it will probably be looking a lot sorrier than it does now. So see it in London if you can!

Set and Forget!

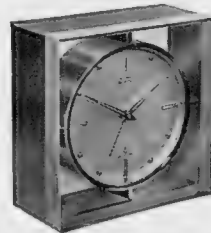
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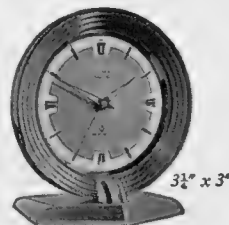
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TYPE FACES

THE STRATEGIST (*feline type below*) excels at looking fragile. Fine, high cheek bones, narrowing eyes help the ploy so she values a hairdo from Dumas that emphasizes face structure; a shadow that makes eyes greener. She'll be sampling, now or soon, Lancôme's two flashing newcomers. *Rouge Français* (a browny vermilion) and *Balsamine* (bright pink). Strategists adopt hypnotic scents like Lanvin's *Arpège*, Revillon's *Detchema*

MICHAEL WILLIAMS



THE GAMINE (*anglicized*) goes in for a light, zippy scent like Lubin's *Ginn Fizz*. The brief, short cut is home ground for her and she might well give her lively patronage to André Bernard who created the straightish, fringed elfin cap in the picture above. Its news point is the heavy, eyebrow-touching fringe now coming in fast. The gamine's lips are often innocent of lipstick; but her eyes, of course are always expertly rimmed



BRIEN KIRLEY AT JOHN FRENCH

GOOD LOOKS

BY

ELIZABETH

WILLIAMSON



TERENCE DONOVAN

THE NON-CONFORMIST (*exotic version above*) plays up individuality—is more herself than anyone on this page. Nothing seems contrived or forced though in fact she spends a long time finding the right make-up and scent to suit her character. Non-conformists prefer light contrasting fragrances like Raphael's *Plaisir*, Patou's *Joy* and hair styles like this glossy jet treatment by Simon of Knightsbridge where hair is nothing at the sides, everything on top



JOHN ADRIAN AT JOHN FRENCH

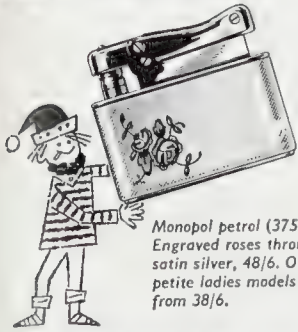
THE SPECIALIST (*English rose variety*) is fond of light, bright pink lipstick, her preferred scents are Elizabeth Arden's *Blue Grass*, Dior's *Miss Dior*. The specialist will artfully, artificially encourage blonde locks, using the *American Hair so new* by Amiorol which untangles, brightens, conditions and sets. She recognizes, too, the virtues of eye liners for definition, bluer-than-eyes shadow and chic navy lashes. A good proportion of 1960's crop of specialists go to John of Knightsbridge who did the curving, longer hair here to outline a narrow face

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Crafty arties give

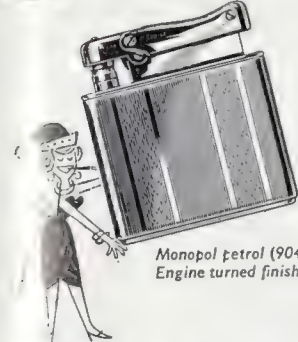
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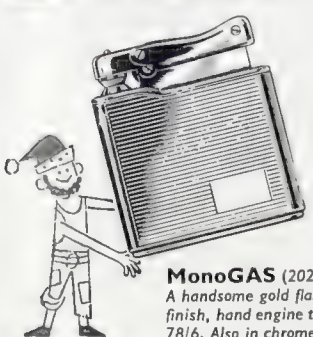
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DINING IN

Helen Burke

The comfort of apples

REMEMBER?—"AN APPLE A DAY keeps the doctor away"—but it seems that our eating habits, especially regarding sweets, have changed. Who makes baked apples, baked and boiled apple dumplings and apple pies, these days? Well, perhaps people still bake apples. How can they help themselves when Bramley Seedlings, at as little as 5d. a pound, are here in abundance?

BAKED APPLES can be disappointing, but they can also be delicious. Here is an old-fashioned way with them: Wash and core big ones. Make a cut all way round each, about a quarter way down from the calyx end. This will allow the apples to expand in cooking, so that, while they will be frothy inside, they will still retain their shape. It is better to wait for Bramleys than to have them wait for you, because, like *soufflés*, they tend to collapse if over-baked.

Filling for the core cavities? Just now, simply sugar and a small nut of butter are enough for each. Nothing should interfere with the fresh flavour of the fruit. Later on however, when the Bramleys will have been in store, a spiced sugar may be advisable. Ground cinnamon is perhaps the most popular, but cloves may be preferred. Or for flavour add a sliver of lemon peel. Other suggested fillings are chopped walnuts or dates, or a mixture of the two, always with sugar and a nut of butter.

Place the filled apples in a baking-tin or oven-dish. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 to 2 tablespoons of sugar and a couple of small nuts of butter. Bake them for up to an hour at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 6, basting them from time to time with the sauce which forms. Always keep the pan moist, because the syrup in it is beautifully flavoured and nothing could be better than to serve it, plus cream, with the apples.

APPLE PUDDING is another grand dish. It is simply an apple dumpling cooked in a basin, which is about the best way with Bramleys. For 4 to 5 servings, make your usual suet crust—that is, with 6 to 8 oz. self-raising flour a pinch of salt, half the weight of flour in suet, but no sugar, unless you must. Add enough water to make a dough you can handle.

Line a buttered pudding basin with three-quarters of the dough,

first sprinkling the basin with sugar, if you like. Add a layer of sliced cored apples and sugar to taste. Repeat until the basin is nearly full, finishing with a layer of apples. Trickle up to 2 tablespoons of water into the basin. Damp the rim. Pat out the remaining dough to the required size, place it on top and pinch the ends together. Cover with buttered greaseproof paper. Stand the basin in a pan of boiling water reaching at least half-way up its sides, cover and steam for 2½ hours.

If quinces are available, a few slices (peeled), placed somewhere in the centre of the pudding, when filling the basin, add a beautiful flavour and a rosy amber tone.

I cannot resist remarking on another old-fashioned apple pudding. Start by putting a good tablespoon of golden syrup in the bottom of a well-buttered pudding basin. Add a layer of sliced apples, then a thin round of the suet crust barely to fit the basin. Repeat for four layers of syrup, suet crust and apples, finishing with one of the suet crust. Steam as above. When, later on, the apples call for more flavour, sprinkle a little ground ginger between the layers.

FRENCH APPLE FLAN is delicious too. Make a rich short crust with 8 oz. plain flour, a good pinch of salt, a dessertspoon of icing sugar, 5 to 6 oz. butter rubbed into them, and the yolk of an egg beaten with 1 to 1½ tablespoons of water. Let it rest for a little so that it will lose its elasticity. Place a 7½- to 8-inch flan ring on a baking sheet and line it with the rolled-out pastry. Prick the bottom with a fork. On it, spread one-third inch of cold apple sauce. Cut peeled cored apples into thin crescents. Starting from the centre, arrange them in circles in the flan, overlapping each other, because, as they cook, the apples will shrink and, unless they overlap each other, there may be final gaps. At once, brush the apples with lemon juice. Sprinkle icing sugar over them and bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 375 to 400 deg. F. or gas mark 5 to 6. Have ready 2 to 3 tablespoons of apricot jam blended with 2 tablespoons of water and fairly warm. Sieve the mixture over the cooked apples and spread it evenly with a palette knife.

to runaway heiresses
who give

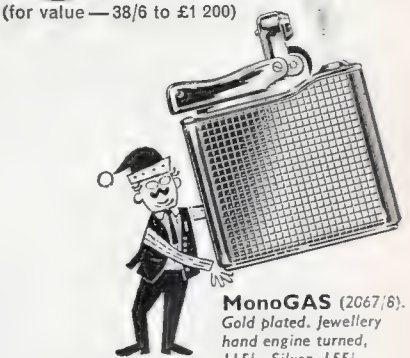
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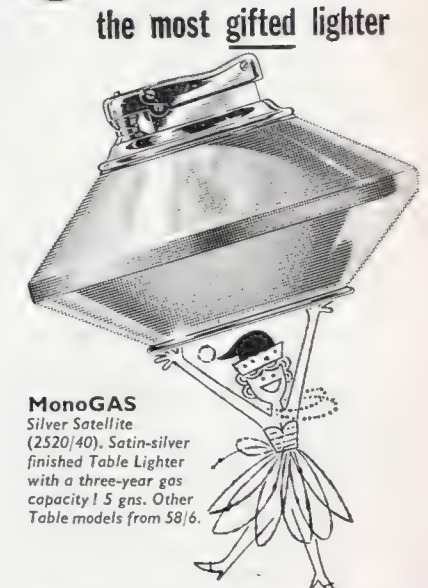
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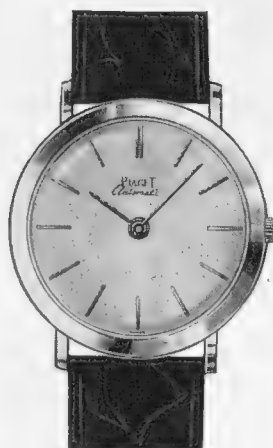
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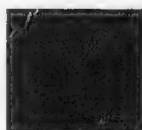
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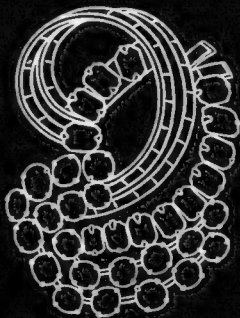


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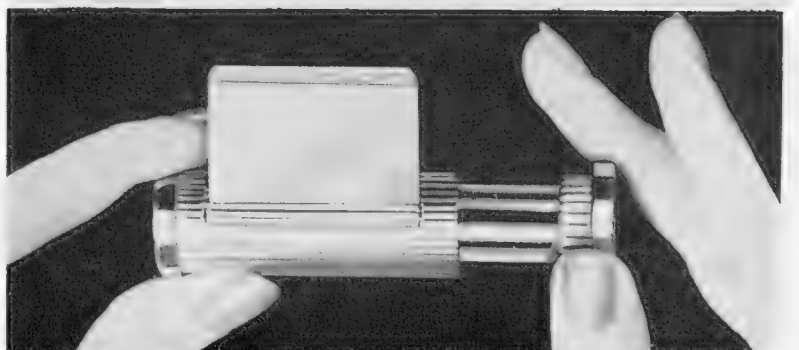
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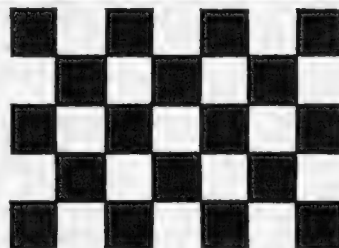
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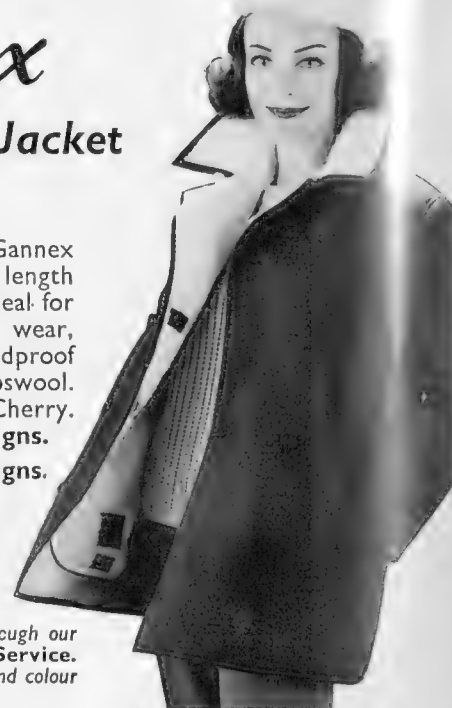
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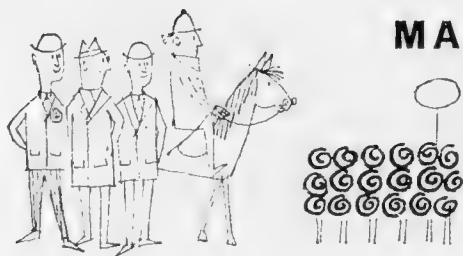
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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

IN THE ARMY, BOOTS ARE THE ONLY things you don't salute, hide or paint white. You do polish them, but I found during my basic training that doing this to the required black glass finish was the most pleasant form of relaxation—and indeed the only one permissible. I was told that the hot spoon with spit and polish was *streng verboten*, but it did produce a wonderful result.

If I were called up again—which God forbid—and was presented, at no extra charge, with a new pair of boots, I think I should use a hot spoon, and then buy the new Ronson Rotoshine. This is an electric shoe-cleaner with two attachments that spread the polish, brush it in at 850 r.p.m. and then buff and shine the shoe. I don't consider the polisher to be the finest piece of industrial design, but it's light and does the job, and Ronson products have a good standard of reliability. There is as yet no rumour of War Office interest. The Rotoshine will be sold

through Ronson's own showrooms—the Strand or Jermyn Street—and from Fortnum & Mason, Selfridges, Marshall & Snelgrove, John Lewis, Waring & Gillow, Bourne & Hollingsworth, Whiteleys, Derry & Toms, and Simpsons (Piccadilly).

After Ronson's I went to Lobb's magnificent establishment in St. James's Street. They, after all, should know as much about the cleaning of boots and shoes as anyone.

There I saw an Artisan's Report from the Mansion House Committee sitting in 1889. They referred to Mr. John Lobb's boots thus: "The style of uppers and shape of the bottoms show excellent judgment and taste, and represent the present fashion in boots and shoes as worn by the nobility and wealthy classes of society, who have not, as this work shows, given way as a general rule to that *senseless crippling fashion of extremely narrow-pointed toes*." My italics. Beatniks, bootniks, and Stan of Battersea, please note.

John White of Lobb's told me that the finest polish on waxed calf results from old-fashioned liquid blacking such as Sam Weller used, burnished with a deer's shinbone. Since 1900, and the decline in the prevalence of valets, box calf has replaced wax calf, and most shoes made today are of this type of leather. To clean it, use cream applied with a soft cloth, rub it in, leave it and then buff and polish it. Wax calf is another matter. It is only used for black boots and shoes, and has a high grease content—untreated it is lustreless and dull, and you can smear the surface with your finger. But a bad scratch can be worked out of wax calf with a little attention—the same scratch would ruin box.

As an example of good treatment of leather, this is the routine for cleaning riding boots made of wax calf. You need a bottle of liquid blacking (8s. 6d.), three brushes—one for removing mud, one for applying the blacking, one for polishing, and a bone. First, remove all the mud; the boots should be well "treed-out" on properly fitting trees to remove any creases. Next, with a small stick of wood, stir the blacking and dip some on to a board; moisten the blacking brush in the blacking and apply it to the forepart of the boot, then bone well. There is only one way to get creases out—elbow-grease, hard pressure on the bone.

When you have blacked and boned the whole boot, apply a little more blacking and polish *while it is still wet*. Then you bone again lightly and repeat the process with less blacking, working fast as a dervish with the clean polishing brush—it's the friction that gets the shine.

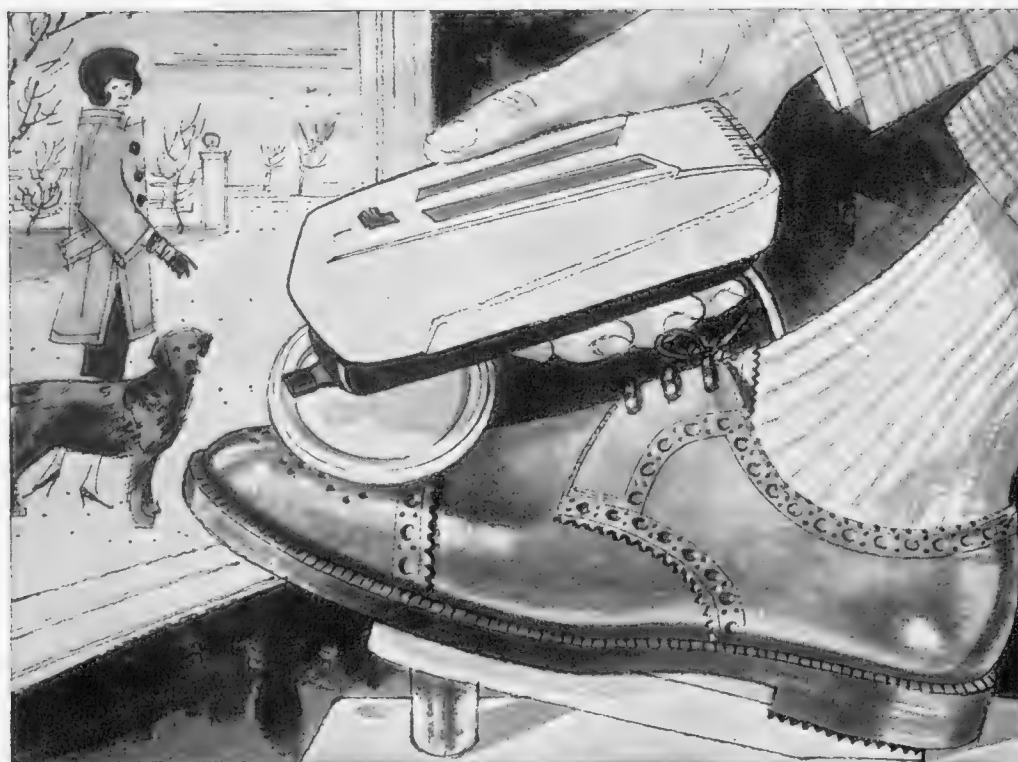
As for the mahogany tops on riding boots, treatment will vary from hunt to hunt. Some leave them natural, some adopt a pinkish colour, but in any case the leather will be box calf and you should use cream and a soft cloth.

The finest suède is deerskin, because of the depth of nap, and the best thing to use on this, or any suède, is a rubber tined brush. Never use the wire kind even in drastic cases. Lobb can treat suède shoes made by them with a powder which is thumped into the leather to restore the colour. I have had good results from "Per-suede"; this is a sort of eraser block with some built-in colouring.

Always clean the soles of your shoes and put on polish under the instep. The point is that the polish helps to waterproof the sole and also prevents the leather from drying up and splitting.

"Why standest thou then with thy boots on fire" is a line from Byron—it turns out that the product being given a puff is Robert Warren's blacking. If anybody knows the full verse I would be delighted to receive a copy.

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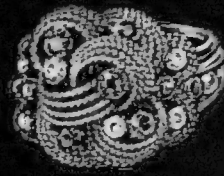
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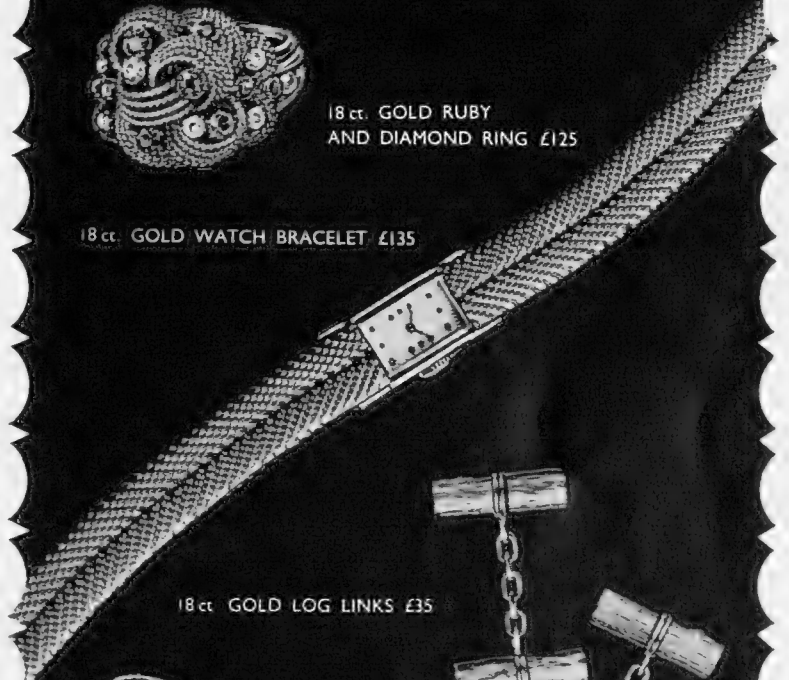
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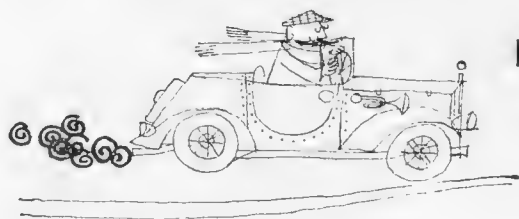
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A car that profited from the Ferguson experiments in fluid drive—the Renault Frégate



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

The Ferguson legacy

THE LAST TIME I SAW HARRY Ferguson we had tea in the lounge of his lovely home at Abbotswood looking out over the rolling Cotswold parkland to the new lake he was having constructed. Paintings from his collection surrounded us, with Constable's *Whitehall stairs* dominating one wall, but there were also photographs from the days before he was a millionaire, including one of a youthful Ferguson flying a string and fabric aeroplane

which he built himself (he was a pioneer aviator). But his health was causing concern and he did not accompany us when Mrs. Ferguson showed me the famous gardens which are her special care.

Ferguson did not go in for much of what the economists call conspicuous consumption, but he enjoyed the comforts which wealth can bring. He had his Rolls-Royce and there was usually a collection of other current cars including a BMC Mini. They say at Stow-on-the-Wold that when he took a train for London a couple of the estate hands would be available on the platform to sweep out the compartment before he got in, if it happened to be one of British Railways' off days.

Though he shunned personal publicity his activities were followed with eager interest throughout the world and the Ferguson car, though never yet produced, has become something of a legend. His inventions had made him rich but he had a strong streak of idealism. He regarded his tractor as a means of raising living standards by increasing the productivity of the soil, and he started experimenting with cars because he believed his ideas could reduce road accidents.

He showed me some of his models, for he was a great believer in practical demonstrations. With a simple model on a table he demonstrated to Henry Ford I his original method of attaching a plough to a tractor in a way which prevented the tractor turning itself over and crushing the driver in the event of the plough striking a hidden rock or tree trunk. His agreement with Ford made him a millionaire and when it was terminated by Ford's successors, Ferguson sued, and obtained the largest damages ever awarded.

He used models to demonstrate his car ideas too. He dreamed of a car which would have safer braking, better road-holding, better hill-climbing and better traction on slippery surfaces than any car now on the market. To do this he tackled a task which has defeated some of the best engineers since the automobile began, producing a four-wheel drive car with automatic transmission which would be fool-proof and skidproof with braking exactly distributed according to the grip available at each wheel.

Abstemious himself, he first backed Freddie Dixon, the hard-drinking and indestructible little racing driver and ex-motor cyclist and adopted his plans for a four-wheel drive vehicle with all-independent suspension. But Freddie was a better tuner and development engineer than he was a designer and some of his ideas, though ingenious, proved impracticable. Ferguson was not to be deterred and ultimately the responsibility for chassis

design was taken over by Claude Hill, formerly of Aston Martin, with Tony Rolt the Le Mans winner managing the project, while Count Teramala developed the automatic transmission.

The fluid drive on the Renault Frégate was an early adaptation of their ideas but the system has developed much further since then. Many experimental cars with front and rear engines have been built over the years and the latest is a beautiful station wagon styled by Michelotti which is equally at home travelling fast on motorways or rushing across rough country where no roads exist. Existing car manufacturers have kept in touch with the Ferguson experiments; indeed it is said that one Sunday morning Sir Leonard Lord and his managing director Mr. George Harriman once succeeded, after desperate efforts, in finding mud so deep that one of the prototypes could not extricate itself. However if, as the rumour has it, they were obliged to extricate themselves knee deep in mud, the laughs must have been evenly distributed.

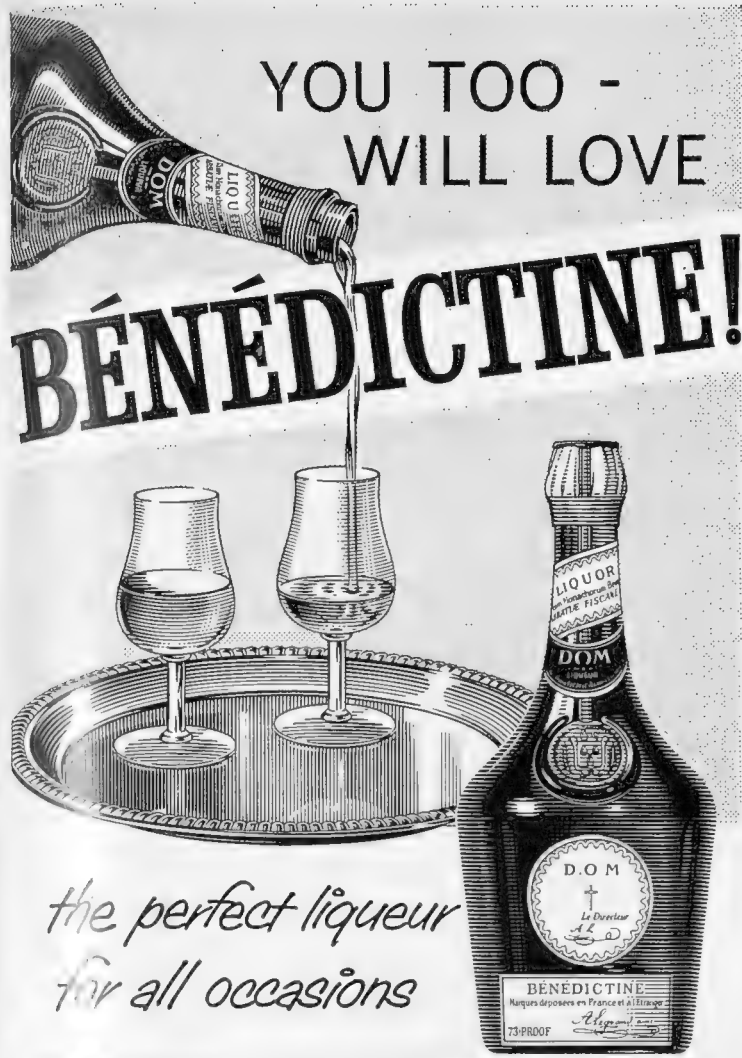
If the Ferguson principles genuinely offer the prospect of safer cars that are easier to drive, why has no manufacturer adopted them? One answer is that they involve extra cost and complication. Car manufacturing is a terribly competitive business and the indications have been in recent years that the public is not interested in paying a premium for safety. Another reason was Harry Ferguson's refusal to grant an exclusive licence, even for one country.

Why did he not build the car himself? He had already become rich by licensing Ford to build his tractors while he collected the royalties and he hoped to find a car manufacturer who would do a similar deal. But he never found another Henry Ford to respond to his missionary fervour. And as for building the car himself, once a man has passed three score years and ten it is not surprising that he hesitates to hazard his fortune in a project which may take five years or more to come to fruition, for a new factory must be designed and built before the cars can be made.

Mr. Ferguson told me that he wanted to leave an organization which his design and development team could carry on. This has now been done with the backing of the family. His son-in-law Mr. A. J. Sheldon becomes chairman of Harry Ferguson Research Limited; Tony Rolt is managing director and both Claude Hill and Count Teramala become directors. Things seem to be moving their way. Demand for disc brakes, safety belts and other features show that the public is becoming safety conscious. I gather that there is ample finance available and we may yet see a Ferguson car in production. It will be a revelation.

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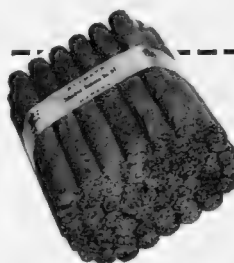


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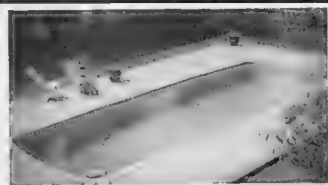
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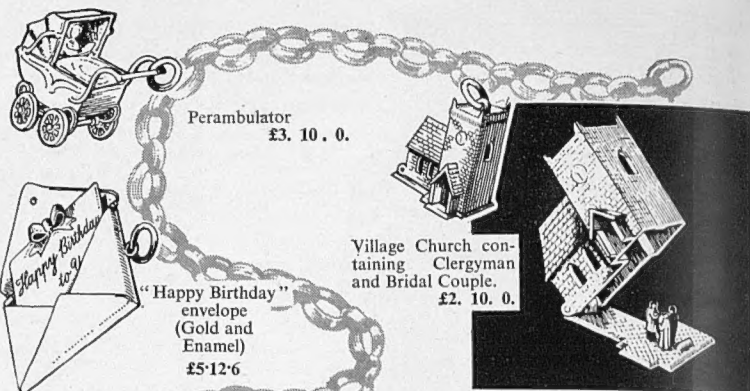
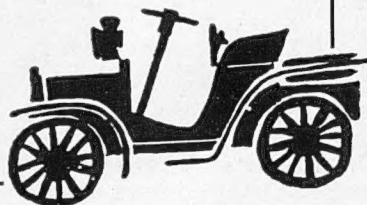
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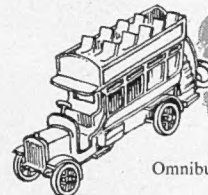
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